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Daily Mirror

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904.

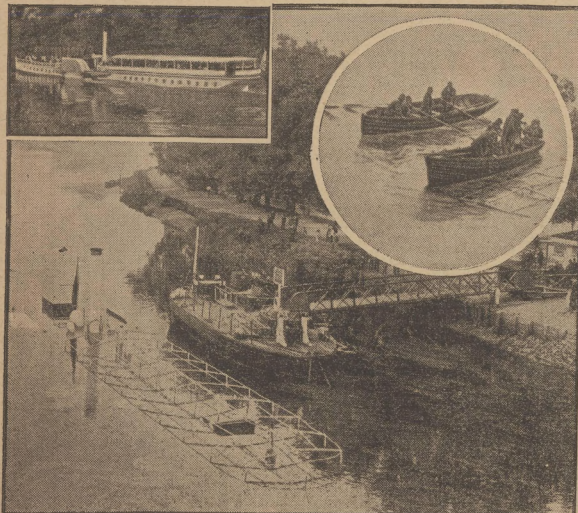
One Halfpenny.

"MERELY MARY ANN."



Miss Eleanor Robson, as she will appear as the maid-of-all-work in "Merely Mary Ann," at the Duke's of York's to-morrow.

THAMES PLEASURE STEAMER SUNK.



The river steamer Queen Elizabeth, which struck a submerged pile at Kew Bridge on Monday evening, as she now lies sunk in the Thames. The small photograph on the left shows the Queen Elizabeth before the accident, and on the right is seen a diver making his report yesterday morning.

"A BIT OF A DAWG."



Mr. Cyril Maude as Captain Barley, skipper of the Heart in Hand, in "Beauty and the Barge," at the New Theatre.—(Biograph Studio.)

ST. LEGER FAVOURITES.



Pretty Polly, Major Eustace Loder's unbeaten filly, who has won thirteen races, and is expected to add the St. Leger to-day to her list of triumphs.



St. Amant, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's famous colt, who won the Derby, and although possessed of a temper is Pretty Polly's only dangerous rival to-day.

THE CROSS CHANNEL SWIM.

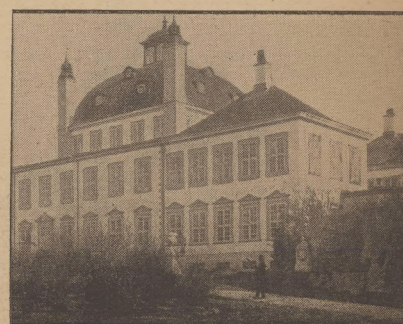


Weidman, the Dover amateur swimmer, who started to swim the Channel yesterday for the "Mirror" trophy. You see him here swimming with his favourite breast stroke.—(Spicer.)

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE STAYING.



Rufford Abbey, where His Majesty is now being entertained by Lady Savile. The Abbey is a splendid old mansion. It had been in the hands of the Cistercian monks for four centuries previous to the time of the Reformation.—(H. N. King.)



Fredensborg, the holiday home of Queen Alexandra. Here members of the Danish Royal Family have gathered each autumn for over thirty years, until the little ones who gambolled on its lawns now return with children of their own.

BIRTHS.

BROWN—On September 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Faulkner Brown, of Walton-on-Thames and Oster—a daughter.

DAWSON—On September 4, at 79, Barrow-road, Streatham, S.W., the wife of the Rev. Henry Dawson, Secretary of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, of a son.

LEARD—On September 5, at 5, Alton-terrace, North Circular-road, Dublin, the wife of Major George Delancey Leard, Scottish Rifle, Recruiting Staff Officer, Dublin, of a daughter.

THOMPSON—On the 6th inst., at 172, Croydon-road, Beckenham, the wife of S. Leslie Thompson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ROBINSON-YULE—On September 5, at St. Andrew's, Westminster, by the Rev. John Ormond, late rector of Horsenden, Bucks, father of the bride, Sir Frederic Lucy Robinson, K.C.B., to Gertrude, widow of William Monahan, of Olcott.

ROSS-ROBINSON—On September 5, at St. George's Church, Venice, Edward Denison Ross, Ph.D., Principal of Calcutta Madrasah, and of 15, Upper Westbourne-terrace, London, W., son of the late Alexander Johnstone Ross, D.D., to Dora, daughter of John Robinson, Esq., Northumberland House Hall.

SMART-BOWDEN—On September 5, at St. Albans, Herts., by the Rev. J. J. Brown, vicar of Conchiff, of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. T. H. A. Morris, vicar, George Stephenson Smart, M.A., of Corchard, Corbridge-on-Tyne, only son of the late Rev. George Smart, to Jane Wallace, elder daughter of Thomas Bowden, J.P., of Sheriff Mount, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

STRAKER-BALLARD—On September 5, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, Albert Edgar (Bos), eldest son of the late Albert George Straker, to Louisa (Gipsy), elder daughter of William Daniel Ballard.

DEATHS.

BUNBURY—On the 6th inst., at 19, Queen's-gardens, St. Andrews, Fife, Alexander C. Bunbury, retired, Bengal Army, aged 62.

CURTIS—On September 5, at 5, Carlton-mansions, West End-lane, Adelaide, widow of the late Raphael Curtis, aged 74. Funeral leaves the house at 10.30 to-day. No other intimations.

DEPESCHER—On September 5, 1904, at her residence, Hayes-leigh Church-road, Green, Emily, aged 80.

MORTON—On September 4, at Merly, Bournemouth, Isabella, wife of the Rev. Edward Howard Morton, M.A., Rector of Tattersford, Norfolk, 1857-80, rector of Tooting-Graveney, London, S.W., 1880-93, aged 79.

PERSONAL.

VIC—Home nearing completion, and I think will be delightful. Hope you are coming Friday.—B.

ALINE—I, too, am homesick. Why not abandon this facet? Our solitude may end as soon as you will. Let us return together.—A. L.

LOST—In an omnibus between Victoria and Sloane-square, a brown bag containing two pairs of shoes. Anyone turning same to I. S. 5, Mecklenburg-street, W.C., will receive £1 reward.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent post with postage order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, Mirror, 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

CRITERION—Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. **EVERY EVENING** at 8.30, M.T., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. **WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW**, by Malcolm Watson. Miss ADA RILEY. Mr. Eric Lewis. Mr. Henry Vinton. Mr. Robt Harwood. Mr. Farren. Mr. W. L. Rignold. Miss Dolores Drummond. Miss Doris Barton. Mrs. Charles Matthe. Box office 10-10.

IMPERIAL—MR. LEWIS WALLER. **TO-NIGHT** and **EVERY EVENING** at 8.30. **FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT**, Sept. 10, at 2.30. **MISS ELIZABETH PRINCE**. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel.: 5153 Gerard.

SHAFTESBURY. **EVERY EVENING** at 8.15. **TODAY** at 2.15. Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in **THE PRINCE OF PISEN**. **MATINEE TODAY** and **EVERY WEDNESDAY** and **SATURDAY**, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER will appear **TO-NIGHT** and **EVERY EVENING**, at 8.30 precisely, in a Romance adapted from the story of Justus Miles Forman, by Sydney Grundy, entitled **THE LADIES OF LIES**. **FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT** and **EVERY WEDNESDAY** and **SATURDAY** following, at 8.30.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. **KENNEDY-TON THEATRE**, Tel. 1006 Hop.—**K NIGHTLY** at 7.45. **MAT. THURS.** 2.30. **The Charming Musical Play, THREE LITTLE MAIDS**. Next Week, JULIE SWILSON and FRED TERRY, and their London Company, in

with all the original scenery, furniture, and effects. **CORONET THEATRE**—Tel. 1,273 Kens. **TO-NIGHT**, at 8. **MATINEE SATURDAY**, 2.30. Miss LENA ASHVELL and full West-end Company in **THE MOUNTAIN**. Adapted from MM. G. A. De Calviat, Robert de Fiers, and Joffrin's play "Le Montanier." By Michael Morton.

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—**NIGHTLY** at 8. **MAT. SAT.**, 2.30. **THE FLOOD TIDE**. Drury Lane Production. **CROWN THEATRE**, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—**NIGHTLY** at 7.45. **MAT. WED.**, 2.15. **The Great Drama, WOMAN AND WINE**.

THE OXFORD. **HACKENSCHMIDT**. R. G. KNOWLES, Joe Elvin and Co. Martinietti and Gross, KELLY and GILLETTE, WILKIE BARD, Will Evans, F. E. DEWILLIE, Frodo, Terry and Lambert, the Lyons Trio, and others start. Open 7.25. **SATURDAY MATINEES** at 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. **TO-DAY**. **CAFE CHANTANT** at 3.0 and 7.0. **INTERNATIONAL SPORTS AND FOODS EXHIBITION**. **MILKWAY** and **PAR EAST** War Pictures. Maxie's Flying Machine. Topsy-Turvy Railway. Water Chute. **BROOKS FIREWORKS**. **TO-MORROW** at 8.30. Table d'Hôte luncheon and dinner in the fine dining-rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE. **TO-MORROW**, at 2.30. **WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS**. Under patronage of H.M. the King, Queen Alexandra, and T.R.I. Prince and Princess of Wales. **AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL 5 KILOMETRES CHAMPIONSHIP, ONE LAP AMATEUR SCRATCH RACE, and PROFESSIONAL 5 MILES HEAVY**. Numbered seats (including admission to Palace), 6s. and 3s. 6d.; without admission, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; unnumbered, 3s. Thousands can see without extra charge.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. **QUEEN'S HALL**. **EVERY EVENING** at 8. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. Agents, Chappell's Queen's Hall Chappell, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 320, Regent-street. **ROBERT NEWMAN**, Manager.

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The "Daily Mirror."
I received the Giant Telescope safely, and am very pleased with it. Everyone who has seen it says it is a marvel how you can sell it for 5s. 9d.

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(Signed)
H. C. VICKERS.

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(Signed) W. FULLER.
19, Channelsea-rd., Stratford Market.

HOW TO SEND FOR ONE.

The price of the "DAILY MIRROR" GIANT TELESCOPE is 5s. 9d., and the postage and packing is 6d. extra. You should therefore send a postal order for 6s. 9d. to the "DAILY MIRROR" GIANT TELESCOPE DEPARTMENT, 2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C., with your name and address clearly written. Each order will be numbered, and the telescopes will be sent off strictly in rotation.

Call and See one at our West End
Office, 45, NEW BOND STREET, W.,
or the "Daily Mirror" Stall, WESTERN
ARCADE, EARL'S COURT.

MARKETING BY POST.

APPLES (no windfalls, cooking or eating 21lb. 2s. 6d., 42lb. 4s. 6d.; Victoria Pippin, 28lb. 3s.; Potatoes, 56lb. 2s. 6d., 112lb. 4s. 6d.; sacks free; receipt P.O.—Lewin Curtis, Gower, Chalfont, Cambridgeshire.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Fresh, chilled, Pasteurized cream, sterilized, bottled, 1lb. each 4d.; butter, 1lb. each 4d.; cream, 1lb. each 4d.; milk, 1lb. each 4d.; cheese, 1lb. each 4d.; eggs, 1lb. each 4d.; poultry, 1lb. each 4d.; fish, 1lb. each 4d.; fruit, 1lb. each 4d.; vegetables, 1lb. each 4d.; sundries, 1lb. each 4d.; and all other goods at the lowest prices.

EGG from farmhouses, 1 Chicken, 1 Pigeon, 1 Duck, 1 Turkey, 1 Geese, 1lb. each 4d.; 2lb. each 8d.; 3lb. each 12d.; 4lb. each 16d.; 5lb. each 20d.; 6lb. each 24d.; 7lb. each 28d.; 8lb. each 32d.; 9lb. each 36d.; 10lb. each 40d.; 11lb. each 44d.; 12lb. each 48d.; 13lb. each 52d.; 14lb. each 56d.; 15lb. each 60d.; 16lb. each 64d.; 17lb. each 68d.; 18lb. each 72d.; 19lb. each 76d.; 20lb. each 80d.; 21lb. each 84d.; 22lb. each 88d.; 23lb. each 92d.; 24lb. each 96d.; 25lb. each 100d.; 26lb. each 104d.; 27lb. each 108d.; 28lb. each 112d.; 29lb. each 116d.; 30lb. each 120d.; 31lb. each 124d.; 32lb. each 128d.; 33lb. each 132d.; 34lb. each 136d.; 35lb. each 140d.; 36lb. each 144d.; 37lb. each 148d.; 38lb. each 152d.; 39lb. each 156d.; 40lb. each 160d.; 41lb. each 164d.; 42lb. each 168d.; 43lb. each 172d.; 44lb. each 176d.; 45lb. each 180d.; 46lb. each 184d.; 47lb. each 188d.; 48lb. each 192d.; 49lb. each 196d.; 50lb. each 200d.; 51lb. each 204d.; 52lb. each 208d.; 53lb. each 212d.; 54lb. each 216d.; 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RACE TO MUKDEN.

Kuropatkin Still in Grave Danger.

REARGUARD HARASSED.

Will the Japanese Be in Time To Out Him Off?

The armies of General Kuropatkin and General Kuroki are continuing their strenuous race to Mukden, and the question whether the Russian commander will reach the goal before his indomitable adversary remains undecided.

Both forces are engaging in running fights, and as several of these skirmishes occurred within twenty miles of Mukden the inhabitants of that town became so scared that they commenced a headlong flight from the place.

NOT TO STOP AT MUKDEN.

But the Russians will not stop at Mukden, even if they beat General Kuroki in the race to that town, which is still doubtful. They will make for the new Russian headquarters at Harbin, 360 miles north-east of Mukden.

Much, however, must happen before the goal is reached. Speed and endurance are the prime factors which will decide General Kuropatkin's fate. That he has not shaken off the tenacious Kuroki is quite clear, and before he succeeds in doing so fresh disaster from the rear may overtake him at the hands of the other Japanese armies under General Oyama.

KUROPATKIN'S IMMINENT PERIL.

At any moment he is in peril of being surrounded, and although the Russian General has about 190,000 men, the Japanese have more than 250,000, and their artillery is more numerous.

If the victorious Japanese again come to close grips with the Russians before Mukden is reached there is certain to be another terrible battle transcending in ferocity the memorable encounters at Liaoyang.

Doubt still prevails regarding General Kuropatkin's rearguard. The Paris "Journal" persists emphatically in the report which reached St. Petersburg on Monday night that General Kuropatkin's rearguard had been practically annihilated, that he was in danger of losing his artillery, and that the Japanese would probably be shortly in a position to totally surround him.

On the other hand, M. Marcel Hutin, of the "Echo de Paris," states that the Russian retreat was effected in perfect order, and in accordance with General Kuropatkin's plans.

Admiral Alexeeff proceeded on Monday to Yantai to see General Kuropatkin, and had a conference with him.

There is little news from Port Arthur, but it is said that the Japanese are landing more troops to assist in forthcoming attacks.

TERRIBLE TOTAL OF LOSSES.

The killed and wounded in the fighting round Liaoyang may be roughly summed up as follows:

	Japanese.	Russians.
Aug. 29	3,000	3,000
„ 30	12,000	10,000
Sept. 1	2,500	2,500
„ 2 and 3	6,500	10,500
Total	24,000	25,000

TSAR TO GO TO THE FRONT.

The report that the Tsar will go to the front is once more revived, and, to protect him on the railway, an armoured train is to be provided for his use.

TO STOP THE WAR.

ROME, Tuesday.

European Socialists are said to be exchanging views as to the best way to start a popular agitation to force America-European concerted intervention to stop the Russo-Japanese war.—Exchange Telegraph Co.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AT CAPE TOWN.

CAPE TOWN, Tuesday.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter, Princess Victoria, arrived here to-day on board the Walmer Castle, and drove to Government House through decorated and crowded streets.

The royal party had a most pleasant voyage. It is expected that they will start for Kimberley on Friday.—Reuter.

The object of the Princess's journey is to see the grave of her son, who fell in the Boer war.

During the voyage the royal travellers put aside the restraints of ceremony and mixed freely with the passengers.

PIRATES FOUND.

British Cruiser Delivers the Tsar's Orders.

The Russian pirates have been found at last.

In a message last night from Zanzibar Reuter's correspondent says that the German steamer Kron Prinz on Monday reported sighting the Russian cruisers Petersburg and Smolensk coaling in territorial waters.

The British cruiser Forte proceeded early yesterday morning with the British Government's formal demand to desist from interfering with neutral shipping. She found the cruisers lying within the three-mile limit, but not coaling.

They left at the request of the Forte on the delivery of the Tsar's orders, and subsequently joined a German collier and proceeded in the direction of Dar-es-Salaam.

After reading the Tsar's orders they stated that they would forthwith proceed to Europe. The launch from the Forte was left to observe them in case the cruisers should return to coal.

The Forte returned to the harbour yesterday afternoon.—Reuter.

HOW THE RURIK SANK.

Blown Up by a Gallant Young Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Ivanhoff, in reporting the sinking of the Russian cruiser Rurik, says:—

"Among the twenty-two officers who were killed or died of wounds were Lieutenant Seniloff, who assumed temporary command of the Rurik, and whom I afterwards replaced, Baron Stackelberg, three sub-lieutenants, and the ship's doctor. The chief engineer was drowned when the cruiser sank. The damage to the steering gear rendered it impossible to elude the enemy.

"Owing to the destruction of the guns, and in view of the approach of four armoured cruisers returning from the pursuit of the Russia and Gromovoi, and the appearance of three more cruisers and five torpedo boats, I decided to blow up the Rurik, and gave the necessary order to Sub-Lieutenant Baron Schilling.

"The attempt was unsuccessful owing to one of the fuses being broken by a shell striking the deck, while the other fuse, being in the after-part of the Rurik, which was under water, was useless.

"I therefore ordered the sinking of the cruiser, which was carried out by the engineers. The time which elapsed before the vessel sank was employed in saving the crew, including the wounded, with mattresses, belts, and pieces of wood, all the boats having been destroyed.

"Soon after the cessation of our fire the enemy likewise stopped firing. The Rurik went down about noon."

CHILD'S BODY EXHUMED.

Sensational Development in a Murder Charge.

In the presence of the coroner and chief constable of St. Helens the body of Joseph Burndred, aged three months, was exhumed yesterday from the grave in which it was buried in September, 1900.

This is a development of the charge against Joseph and Ellen Burndred of murdering a girl named Jones by administering arsenic. It is said that the child Joseph was insured for £1 10s.

The internal organs were found to be sufficiently preserved to permit of their being removed and sent to Mr. H. E. Davis's laboratory at Liverpool and submitted to analytical tests.

MANY DEATHS BY DROWNING.

A large number of drowning accidents is reported.

The Rev. Joshua Woods, rector of Temple-Trine, Bandon, met his death yesterday while taking water from his well. He overbalanced himself, and, falling in, was suffocated before help could be rendered.

A labourer named John Sullivan was accidentally drowned at Limerick by falling off a wall into the Shannon and being carried away by the rapid current.

Two little boys named Cox, of Windsor, played truant and went to bathe in the Thames. The younger, aged five, walked out into the stream and was drowned.

Four men of the Royal Garrison Artillery were bathing at Alderney when Gunner Smith, the best swimmer of the four, was carried away by the tide and drowned.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER'S RELAPSE.

A telegram from Redcar yesterday afternoon states that Mr. James Lowther has had a serious relapse, and that grave anxiety is felt concerning his condition.

"MAD—OR ENGLISH."

Puzzling Problem of a Lost Baby Linguist.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.

All Buda Pesth is puzzling its brains as to the identity of a beautiful and beautifully-dressed baby girl, apparently about two years old, who was found wandering in the Frans Joseph-platz.

The little girl, who calls herself Lili, was garbed from top to toe in pale blue silk. In one hand she clasped a German twenty-mark gold piece, and in the other a curious little earthenware jar containing a favourite Hungarian pudding.

From a blue ribbon round the mysterious child's neck hung an ordinary latch-key, which the authorities have since been in vain endeavouring to fit to some lock.

Little Lili has flaxen hair and beautiful blue eyes, and she can speak her few words with equal ease in German, English, and Italian.

No progress has been made towards solving the mystery of the child. In reply to my inquiry as to the police theory, an official answered curtly: "Parents mad—or English."

REALITY IN SHAM WAR.

Whites Attempting to Use Ball Cartridge Against Black Comrades.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

The "New York Times" prints a sensational dispatch from Gainesville, Virginia, stating that considerable friction has developed on account of the racial antipathy between the coloured militia from Connecticut and the white Southern troops partaking in the military manoeuvres now being held at Gainesville.

The trouble became so acute that the 2nd South Carolina Regiment attempted to retain ball cartridges for use in case of contingencies arising.

An officer of the First Maryland Regiment declared, "If the niggers come in contact with me, I'll have my men load ball cartridges in their rifles." A strict search for ball cartridges has been instituted, and wherever these are found they are confiscated.—Lafan.

FAITHFUL DOG.

Brings a Queer Collection of Offerings to His Master's Grave.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

A curious incident has just happened at a funeral at Pere Lachaise cemetery.

M. Adrien Legrand, who was being buried, owned a wonderful dog, Dick. Every morning, as soon as his master got up, it used to take a basket in its mouth and go to the baker's, news-vendor's, and tobacconist's, returning with rolls, newspaper, and tobacco.

When M. Legrand died Dick would not leave him, he even followed the body to Bagneux cemetery. Suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, he scampered off.

He did not reappear until the coffin of M. Legrand was about to be lowered into the tomb. When he came gravely back, bearing in his mouth his usual basket of hot rolls, newspaper, and tobacco. The French papers suggest that the dog brought them for Charon's dues.

EXPRESS'S NARROW ESCAPE.

The fast Cornish Limited express from London narrowly escaped meeting with a serious accident at a level-crossing near Redruth last evening.

The express caught the rear of a passing cart, knocking the end clean off. The guard stopped the train, but found that the damage was trifling and the driver of the cart and the horse not much injured.

ARCHBISHOP AT NIAGARA.

TORONTO, Tuesday.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and party left Toronto this morning for Niagara Falls in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's private train. The departure was quiet, only the Bishop of Toronto and a few others seeing his Grace off at the station.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Southerly to westerly breezes; changeable, fair periods, occasional showers; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 7.31 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

GREAT CHANNEL SWIM

Weidman and Burgess Start in Heavy Rain.

CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

Weidman's great attempt to swim the Channel began last evening just before six o'clock.

It was dismal weather. Rain was falling heavily, but the sea was calm, and, tired of postponement, the *Mirror* swimmer decided to start. Accompanied by Thomas William Burgess, the Paris champion, he left the harbour about five o'clock on the steam tug Gaat, followed by the rowing-boats which were to wait on the swimmers in order to feed them during their long struggle.

Burgess, who was unable to secure a tug to accompany him, was in a sportsmanlike spirit offered accommodation on Weidman's steamer. Without this courtesy he would have been unable to undertake the swim. Both men were in the best of spirits, and Weidman expressed the greatest confidence.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

Weidman and Burgess are both about the same age—forty—and their records are such that a bold attempt to capture the blue ribbon of the swimming world can be anticipated from each.

Weidman has already swum about a hundred miles in the Channel this season in preparation for the cross-Channel swim, his practice swims having included three of twenty miles each.

He was a pupil of the late Captain Webb, the only man who has yet swum across the Channel, and, like Webb, Weidman principally uses the breast stroke. He is wonderfully buoyant.

Burgess, the French champion, originally hailed from Rotherham, Yorkshire, but for the last twenty years has been in business in Paris. He belongs to the Paris swimming club L'Éclair, and has been well known as an amateur long-distance swimmer in France for some years.

He swam fourth to Jarvis in the 4,000 yards championship of the world at Paris in 1900, and he has swum second, third, or fourth in all the French amateur championships since then. Last year he won the veteran world's championship at Paris, and he also did a twelve hours' swim in the Seine last year.

Burgess started with Holbein when the latter attempted to swim across the Channel a fortnight ago, but owing to the seas breaking continuously in his face he was partially blinded after four and a half hours, and gave up.

He is on the occasion wearing specially-made goggles for the protection of his eyes. Weidman's weight is 13st, and Burgess's 15st., and both are magnificently developed men. Burgess principally uses the side stroke, varying it with the overarm, and, like Weidman, is a fast swimmer.

Mrs. Burgess, who took charge of her husband's feeding arrangements, was a passenger on the tug.

A HEARTY SEND-OFF.

Notwithstanding the rain, a large party of well-wishers had assembled, and gave the swimmers a hearty send-off on the voyage down to the starting point, about three and a half miles westward of the Admiralty Pier.

Both men were thickly anointed with grease from head to foot to act as a preventive to salt-water soakage. Weidman is provided with a mask, but will not use it unless the sea should become very rough.

This mask, unlike Holbein's, can be fixed on by the swimmer himself whilst in the water. It consists of a mica band affixed to an indiarubber skull-cap, the mica coming down level with the swimmer's nostrils, so that it would throw off the seas as they broke against it.

Weidman swims with his head so clear of the sea, however, that he does not anticipate having to wear the mask.

The feeding arrangements for both swimmers are exceedingly simple. Weidman's provisions consist of hot milk, raw eggs, Bovril, and chocolate; whilst Burgess confines himself to roast chicken and a little Bovril and coffee.

PROGRESS OF THE SWIM.

Telegraphing later our special correspondent says:—

The first half-mile was covered in twenty minutes, the Frenchman leading by about seventy yards. Burgess is going with a side stroke, while Weidman adheres to the front crawl. Heavy rain is still falling, but otherwise the conditions are perfect.

Just before seven o'clock Weidman swam up close to the tug and called out, "I think I am going to lift the *Mirror* trophy this time."

Burgess laughed very heartily.

"And what will there be for me?" he asked. Both men were cheered by seeing the water so smooth. It was warmer, too, than when Holbein made his attempt, the temperature being 62 degrees—two degrees above that of the surrounding atmosphere.

THREE MILES COVERED.

At 7.30 nearly three miles had been covered, and Weidman asked for food. At this time the rain was still falling. They did it in exactly the same time as Holbein.

CLOCKWORK CRADLE

For the Little Prince Italy
Prays For.

PEASANTS' STRANGE GIFTS.

All Italy, says our Rome correspondent, is now anxiously awaiting the happy event which is almost hourly expected in the royal family.

The birth of an heir to the throne is fervently desired by all, and the simple people are showing their interest in many strange ways.

Thousands of patriotic provincials are preparing to visit Rome so that they may be on the spot to hear the joy-bells ring.

The rough mountaineers of Montenegro are sending their beloved Princess loads of home-made baby-clothing, with letters warning the Queen that her young Prince must be brought up in Montenegrin fashion, and not "in the soft and emaculating ways of Italy."

Queen Elena continues in excellent health, but is said to be somewhat nervous and capricious. A lady attached to the Court tells me that her taste in food changes every day.

Factory Girl's Request.

But, despite her anxieties, the Queen maintains her inviolable rule that all private letters, however trivial and absurd, must be answered. A young girl employed at Ferrari's big factory at Porto Maurizio sent her Majesty a bottle of olive oil, begging her for a photograph of the young Prince when he was born.

The Queen replied in her own hand, "My dear little maid, certainly you shall have a picture of your future King. Remember three things—Work well, respect yourself, and be loyal to your sovereign."

Queen Elena has of late been much interested in the invention of a young Italian named Errico, who has devised an automatically-swinging cradle, of which he has given a tiny working model to the Queen. The object of this invention is to save nurses' work; but it is not likely to be required in the royal palace, for, in addition to the favourite English nurse, a whole corps of Italian under-nurses is kept.

King's Little Joke.

It is said that the King, on observing the vast preparations which are being made, remarked: "I begin to think that my Majesty expects a whole family."

For the last three weeks Queen Elena has taken her breakfast in bed. She resigned herself to this only after a fierce struggle with Professor Morisani, who said to her with playful severity: "You must try and imagine that I am God Almighty for the next four weeks."

The Queen now rises at nine, and an hour later begins her correspondence with the aid of the Princess Letizia and her secretary.

After dinner she invariably spends an hour with her husband, and her last act before retiring is to pray to Heaven that her hope and the hope of all Italy may be granted and a prince born to complete the great happiness which she has hitherto enjoyed both as mother and Queen.

SECOND-HAND BUT GORGEOUS.

Marquis of Anglesey's Clothes Bought
by Music-Hall Artists.

A large crowd was to be seen yesterday gathered round the clothing of the Marquis of Anglesey, which was exposed for sale in Victoria-street, Westminster.

A noble red silk vest, with gold buttons, a peacock blue waistcoat, with blue onyx buttons, and a heliotrope smoking suit, with white silk lining, drew many admirers to the shop window.

Many of the Marquis's suits have found a ready sale among the public at quite exceptional prices. Some of the most out-of-fashion garments are being purchased by the kings of the variety stage.

An old lady, who called to buy a relic of the Marquis, was apparently an old retainer, for when the Marquis's multi-coloured, coronet-embroidered shirts were shown her she kissed them and wept.

POLAR FAILURE.

News has come of the Frithjof, the relief ship sent out to the Polar expedition organised by Mr. Ziegler, the American millionaire.

Reuter says a telegram has been received at Hammerfest, the northernmost town of Europe, that a sailing ship has sighted the Frithjof within 200 miles of Franz Josef Land.

This region is about 700 miles north of Norway, and the Frithjof had been so far unsuccessful in her attempt to reach it.

Baron Carl Erlanger, a well-known Continental motorist, has succumbed to injuries received through his motor-car colliding with a steam tram-car in Salzburg, Austria.

FUGITIVE PRINCESS

Declares She Can Prove Herself
Sane.

The Princess Louise of Coburg, whose romantic flight with Lieutenant Mattachich startled the world, has been interviewed by a Viennese lawyer who is in the confidence of the lieutenant.

The lawyer, states Reuter, declines to say where the Princess has taken refuge, though reports from other sources declare she has been seen driving in Lucerne.

The princess, says the lawyer, began by declaring that she had never given up hope of recovering her liberty, and she had always expected to be rescued by Lieutenant Mattachich.

"Now, happily, I am free," continued the princess, "and I shall use my liberty so that I can remain free. I shall request the Austrian Court Chamberlain's Department to grant me a new medical examination. I can bring fifty witnesses to prove my sanity."

The princess declared that having established her sanity she would retire to a place where she could live quietly and peacefully. She did not think of divorce or of re-marrying.

The lawyer added that in the presence of Lieutenant Mattachich the princess declared that she had no idea of marrying him. Their relations had always been those of idealistic friendship.

The princess concluded by saying that as matters stood she could scarcely return to her husband, but she would not return to a lunatic asylum.

WORKHOUSE TO PALACE.

Poor English Girl Becomes Teacher of
a Princess.

The story of a poor workhouse girl's romance was told at the meeting of the Strand Union last night.

Mr. Sainsbury, speaking on the school report, said that recently a well-dressed lady called at the union schools in Edmonton, and said she had once been a pupil there.

Thanking the officials for their care of her, she told them that she was now in charge of the young Princess of Roumania, and had a substantial balance at the bank.

Another lady had called at the same schools with her husband. She, too, had men in life, and the gentleman she had married held an important position.

SOUTHWELL'S NEW BISHOP.

Brilliant Son of a Scotch Presbyterian
Preacher.

Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, the Bishop of Stepney, was yesterday appointed Bishop of Southwell.

Seldom has the Church seen a more brilliant career than that of Dr. Lang, who thus attains such high position at the early age of forty-two.

He is the son of a famous Presbyterian preacher, but declared his disbelief in his father's doctrines at a very early age.

His career at Oxford University was so brilliant—he was scholar of Balliol, Fellow of All Souls, and president of the Union—that a great future was predicted for him.

He was expected to devote himself to politics or the law, but, after studying for the Bar, he suddenly, to everyone's amazement, announced his intention of entering the Church.

After three years curacy at Leeds he was appointed Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, Oxford. He left there to become vicar of Portsea in 1896, and in 1900 he was appointed Canon of St. Paul's and Suffragan Bishop of Stepney.

He was a great favourite with the late Queen Victoria, and is a very hard worker and an exceptionally able and outspoken preacher. Some good stories, which will be found on page 7, are told of his pleasant and ready wit.

NEW MINISTER FOR MADRID.

Last night's "Gazette" announces the appointment of Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., Ambassador at Madrid.

The new Ambassador has had a distinguished diplomatic career. He has served at Berlin, at Pekin, Constantinople, Teheran, Budapest, and Bukharest.

Since 1895 he has acted as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Morocco.

WARRIORS WHO FIGHTING FELL.

Digging in a gravel-pit at Netham, near Alton, some men unearthed two human skeletons.

They appeared to be the remains of two full-grown men, and from the fact that where they were found was the scene of a battle between the Royalist and Parliamentary troops in 1643, it is believed they are the skeletons of warriors who fell in the fight.

KING AT THE RACES.

Right Royal Welcome from
Yorkshire Sportsmen.

Yorkshiremen, lovers of their royal ruler and good horses, were delighted by a sight of both yesterday.

For the King visited Town Moor for the first day of Doncaster's racing carnival, and Pretty Polly, Major Eustace Loder's unbeaten filly, was also on view.

It was before breakfast that racing enthusiasts went on the Town Moor to see St. Amant and Pretty Polly go through their paces in final preparation for to-day's St. Leger, and the filly was absolutely mobbed.

The King, who is staying with Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey for the meeting, arrived with his hosts and Commander Fortescue just before the first race, which had a tragic opening, as one of the competitors fell dead on his way to the post.

His Majesty was accorded a real Yorkshire welcome from the thousands of sportsmen on the course. It was a deep roar, such as is only heard from a sports crowd, and the King, who looked in the best of health and spirits, was obviously pleased with his welcome.

LIVING IN ICE.

Foolhardy Alpine Climbers Spend Three
Nights in a Crevasse.

Three young men who made a foolhardy attempt to climb the Jungfrau, one of the highest and most dangerous peaks of the Alps, without a guide, have had a terrible experience.

Less than half-way up they were overtaken by a storm, a signal of danger, says the Geneva correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," which no prudent climber would have ignored. But they persisted in their attempt, and when nearing the summit another severe and blinding snowstorm overtook them.

Night came while the storm was raging. To have passed the night in the open meant death. After desperate search they found a crevasse about twenty feet deep, and carefully lowering themselves between the icy walls they took shelter therein.

All that night and the next two days and nights the snow continued falling, and, imprisoned in ice as they were, they dared not venture out. Fortunately one of them had a small stove and some provisions in his knapsack, and this undoubtedly saved their lives.

On the third day the snow stopped. One of the men was paralysed by the cold, and his companions were hardly able to stagger with him to the nearest shelter.

Search parties had almost abandoned hope for the three men. It is said to be the first time that a climbing party has ever emerged safely from so prolonged a stay below the surface of the glacier ice.

TIN FOR SILVER.

Daring Thieves Steal Ingots from a
Thames Barge.

Tin ingots, valued at several hundred pounds, have been stolen by a daring scheme from a vessel which was engaged in transferring them to another outward-bound ship in the Thames.

The P. and O. liner, the Oriental, brought a large cargo of ingots of tin from Australia. They were unloaded in some smaller craft, to be taken to Wapping, and there transferred to a Rotterdam boat. When the barges arrived at Wapping the theft was discovered.

The ingots have the appearance of silver, and the police are of opinion that the thieves, over-estimating their value, have sunk them in the river, to be removed when vigilance has been relaxed. Each ingot bears the letter "H" and also the name of Behm, Meyer, and Company.

It is believed that the robbery was committed by thieves from a vessel which had moored alongside the barges during the night of their transfer to Wapping.

FAMOUS WATERMEN.

At Richmond to-day, when the 129th annual regatta will be held, there will be a Chitty sixty years old rowing in the veteran's race, and a child of six belonging to the same family in the infants' competition.

The Chittys are famous watermen, and for over a hundred years some representative of the family has rowed in this regatta.

SHOT AT BY HIS SON.

Mr. Thomas Crawley, aged eighty-eight, an extensive landholder, residing about five miles from Ballyhaunis, co. Mayo, was last evening shot at by his son, who afterwards committed suicide.

Mr. Crawley lies in a very critical condition. His son was about forty-five years of age.

WAITING FOR THE FOE

"Red" Army Prepared to
Repel Invaders.

SCENES IN CAMP.

War has been declared between the "Red" and "Blue" armies, and the peaceful county of Essex is for the time being a foreign country, where strenuous mimic battles will be fought during the next seven days.

Between seven and eight thousand troops of all arms belonging to the "Red" defending army camped in the mud and rain at Middlewick last night.

The cavalry and infantry, with their supply train and balloon and cycle corps, left the Abbey Fields for Middlewick during the afternoon, and, in spite of the rain, the streets of Colchester were lined with spectators.

The men marched to their new camp smoking their pipes and cigarettes, and appeared in the best of health and humour.

General Lyttelton and the headquarters staffs occupied the quarters reserved for them in the cavalry barracks.

Watching for the Enemy.

Parties of motor-cyclists' scouts were out all night patrolling the coast between Clacton and the Blackwater to see if there were any signs of the transports that will land the invaders. The troops will march from Middlewick as soon as news is received of the enemy's landing.

The continuous rain yesterday made the roads very heavy, and several minor mishaps took place with the transport wagons. An artilleryman fell off his horse and was taken to the field hospital, but no serious accidents were reported.

Fields with growing crops are marked with red flags and white notice boards, with the words "Out of bounds" inscribed on them.

The camps at Braintree were infested with rats yesterday, which ran about the grass and gambolled in the daylight quite oblivious of their military surroundings.

Both armies will pitch their camps and carry their own supplies. The camps have all been marked out for each night, and in places where they are likely to be wanted canvas water reservoirs put up everywhere by the Royal Engineers. Neutral supply depôts have been arranged near each camping ground.

Telegraph Wires Everywhere.

Field telegraph wires have been erected connecting up all points within a twenty-five mile radius of Colchester, and special wires have been put up to the post office, which will be operated by the Royal Engineers.

The Duke of Connaught will make his headquarters at Frinton. From his motor-car he will watch the landing of General French's force, the subsequent manoeuvres, and their re-embarkation.

The Napier Minor motor-boat was yesterday at Brightlingsea awaiting news of the arrival of the enemy.

All preparations for war have been made, and the next few days' work should be of the utmost interest, but there is a rumour that if the present bad weather continues the operations may be curtailed.

CONSUMPTIVES, PLEASE NOTE.

Writing to the "Times" from Mooi Hoek, in the Orange River Colony, "P. L. H." warns consumptives against going to South Africa.

The air in the high veldt is not fresh and keen. Usually it is so enervating that it becomes an exertion to eat.

The slightest breath of wind stirs up dust, and it is difficult at times for the most cheery to keep up his spirits.

Phthisis is horribly prevalent among the natives.

QUEEN DELAYED BY WEATHER.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with the Queen and Princess Victoria on board, left Sheerness at half-past nine yesterday morning for Denmark. Her Majesty was to have left on Monday, but the weather was then unfavourable.

The armoured cruiser Essex had preceded the royal yacht, and awaited her arrival in the North Sea to escort the Queen on her journey.

RUINED BY A DIVORCE CASE.

Under examination in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday Mr. Charles E. Savery, of Brighton, architect and surveyor, said he attributed his failure to the non-payment of £400 damages and £400 costs which he was awarded against a correspondent in his divorce suit.

POTATOES £100 A TON.

Spalding potato growers decided at a meeting held there yesterday not to sell any of the new early variety of potato known as The Recorder this season at less than £100 per ton.

LAUGHING STRANGLER

Dramatic Disclosure of a Ghastly Crime.

SISTER'S PREMONITION.

In a terribly dramatic manner a young woman was confronted yesterday morning with the sight of her sister lying murdered in bed.

At a house in Freshney-street, Grimsby, on Monday evening, there had met together a young seaman named George Turner, his wife Agnes, and her sister, Annie Dixon.

The meeting was to a certain extent a reunion, for a fortnight previously husband and wife had quarrelled, Turner alleging infidelity during his absence on a voyage. The wife left the house that day with her baby child and took up her abode in Freshney-street with another man. There she was joined by her sister.

Husband's Visit.

But Mrs. Turner's self-sought protector went to sea on Monday, and the same evening she received a visit from her husband. His attitude was threatening at first, but afterwards he took supper with the two women, the child being asleep upstairs. Eventually Turner and his wife retired to bed, while the sister tried to compose herself to sleep on the couch downstairs.

But some premonition of impending evil seemed upon her. She could not sleep, and at one o'clock, two hours after she had been left alone, she crept upstairs and listened outside the door. Her anxiety was banished, for she heard her sister and Turner amicably talking together. The girl went downstairs and in a few minutes lay sound asleep.

"I Have Something To Show You."

Five hours later the voice of Turner roused her. "Come up here, Annie," he called from the top of the stairs. "I have something to show you." She ran quickly up to the bedroom. Turner greeted her with a laugh, and pointed to the bed. "There's your sister," he said. "Have a look at her. I've killed her." On the bed she saw her sister lying dead, her throat discoloured and swollen. The baby sat wailing piteously and clutching at its dead mother's dress.

The horrified sister rushed out of the house for a policeman, who made his way to the bedroom, to find Turner with a lantern bottle in his hand. The constable procured an emetic, and a doctor who arrived later said that this prompt action had placed Turner's life out of danger.

Annie Dixon gave the above account of what had occurred to the police, and Turner was removed by them to the hospital. He is a native of Ploufrow, and married the murdered woman at Sheffield a year ago.

SERVANT'S FLIGHT.

Mistress's Hasty Return from a Holiday.

Left in charge of a house in Howard-road, Cricklewood, during the family's absence on their holidays, Patty Durrant, a domestic servant, is alleged to have decamped with a quantity of clothes and other articles worth £20.

The first intimation the lady of the house, Mrs. Girling, received was a note from the girl, in which she wrote, "Sailing away to get married." At Willesden Police Court yesterday Mrs. Girling stated that she hurried home only to discover that the girl had already gone to Teignmouth with her young man, who had been sleeping at the house.

Durrant was arrested at Windsor, where she had broken her journey on her way back from Teignmouth. She was wearing a ring, and was in possession of other articles which she is accused of stealing.

She was remanded in custody.

FOR VISITORS TO EARL'S COURT.

Readers of the *Daily Mirror* visiting Earl's Court Exhibition should make a point of calling at the *Daily Mirror* stall in the Western Arcade, where they can obtain the novelties that are being sold to advertise the *Daily Mirror*.

"ACT OF GOD."

Death Follows the Utterance of a Slander.

Death came to John Daly, an East End tailor, with such swiftness after he had uttered an unjust allegation against his invalid brother that his widow, who was sitting beside him at the time, declared at the inquest yesterday, "I thought the hand of God had struck him."

No sooner had the words passed Daly's lips than he fell back unconscious into his wife's arms, and died a few hours later. "I said, 'God forgive you, so do I,' and carried him into the bedroom," Mrs. Daly told Dr. Wynn Westcott, sitting as coroner at St. Luke's.

Dr. Westcott: You thought he was struck as a punishment?

Witness: I am awfully afraid so.

The Coroner: Do you think he was unjust to his brother?

Witness: I am sure he was. Medical evidence showed that death was due to apoplexy, the doctor stating that he had learnt that Daly had been upbraiding his wife.

Addressing the jury the coroner said: "In olden days I suppose it would have been called the act of God, striking him down speechless because he was telling what the widow says was a lie." They returned a verdict of Death from apoplexy, caused by excitement when quarrelling with his wife.

ESCAPED BECK'S FATE.

Four Cases Dismissed Through Doubtful Police Evidence.

The veracity of a number of constables was doubted by magistrates yesterday, with the result that no fewer than four charges fell through.

Mr. Valentine Stacey Marks, a son of the late Mr. Stacey Marks, R.A., was charged at Kingston with being drunk and disorderly outside the Southampton Hotel, Suburton, on Sunday night.

A number of police witnesses were called to prove that the defendant was drunk, although it was admitted that the usual word-tests were not put to him. He was not disorderly until arrested.

Dr. Cresswell, of Kingston, was positive that Mr. Marks was not intoxicated, and as there were many discrepancies in the evidence the case was dismissed.

At the Thames Police Court two cases collapsed. Charged with causing an obstruction in Jubilee-street on Sunday night by trying to sell a sofa by auction, Ralph Sevinton was discharged after the constable had admitted that he did not know what the defendant was saying, as he spoke in Yiddish.

In the other case five witnesses flatly contradicted the evidence of a constable that a costermonger charged with obstruction used bad language.

At Lambeth a constable told a highly-coloured story of a Brixton tradesman named Wells having attempted to rescue in Dulwich a well-known character who was being taken to the police-station.

Wells, who said he only asked the policeman to let the prisoner have another chance, was discharged. The other man got six months.

MURDER IN DUMMY.

Police of Dover Deceived by a Senseless Hoax.

Looking through the window of a house in Albert-road, Dover, yesterday afternoon, a man made what he took to be a startling discovery.

Lying on the floor was a man in a soldier's uniform. His face was ghastly pale, and from his breast protruded the hilt of a bayonet.

The occupiers of the house were away on their holidays, so the police were at once summoned. Before they arrived a crowd gathered outside the house and waited in horror for the place to be broken into.

Forcing an entry, the police made their way to the room—to discover that a ghastly jest had been perpetrated.

The bayoneted body was no body at all, but a dummy, the face of which had been painted to look like that of a corpse.

The practical joker has not yet been discovered.

NO MORE LOST CHORDS.

Composers in future are to be saved all trouble. A Herr Kromar, of Vienna, has invented an instrument which, when attached to a piano or harmonium, will register on ruled music-paper whatever has been played.

By means of this instrument a composer will be able to always keep a record of his improvisations.

The lost-and-found bridegroom, Mr. George Augustus Stokes, whose wedding was to have taken place last Saturday, is now to be married in a week or ten days' time.

ESSEX GOLD HUNT.

Crowds Attracted by Discovery of Treasure at Romford.

The town of Romford, in Essex, yesterday resembled a minor Klondyke. Men, women, and children had been seized with gold fever.

The report of a sensational discovery in the centre of the town had caused intense excitement. Workmen engaged upon alterations at the shop of Mr. F. Cakebread, a baker, in High-street, were said to have made an amazing discovery of hidden treasure. While they were removing a quantity of rubbish a great hoard of gold and silver coins had been unearthed. Rumour played wildly with facts.

The treasure-hunting crowd fastened upon the heap of unpromising earth at the side of the road in hundreds. They eagerly sifted the refuse, and an occasional cry of delight told that fortune had smiled upon one of the searchers.

For hours the excited throng refused to listen to the true facts of the case. Men stubbornly refused to believe that some forty odd gold and silver coins formed the sum total of the hoard. With unabated—and in many cases unfamiliar—energy they tore at every particle of mud and cement, crumbling it to pieces in their fingers.

But in reality the value of the treasure was under £50. Many of the coins were old, one being dated 1774. The house itself is one of the oldest in the town, dating back two hundred years. For nearly sixty years it has been a bakehouse.

WITNESS-BOX ACTING.

Two Women Fail to Impose on a Magistrate.

Mr. Cluer, the Worship-street magistrate, was very severe on two women for the way they gave their evidence yesterday.

A Mrs. Long, who summoned her husband for cruelty, and asked for a separation, in giving evidence so extended her solicitor's statement, and showed such violence of temper, that she was severely cautioned by the magistrate.

"You talk of disgrace and separation," remarked Mr. Cluer severely to the woman. "Nothing of the kind—no more than getting married. It is dreadful to have to hear these exaggerated stories." An order of 10s. a month was made.

Another woman, who summoned a neighbour who had called her a "husband burier," commenced to cry in the witness-box, and wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"That's all sham, done to play on my feelings," said Mr. Cluer. "You have already consorted yourself by marrying a second husband."

The defendant was bound over to keep the peace.

CITY OFFICE MYSTERY.

Witness's Nervous Manner Leads to Comment.

A strange scene took place between a police constable and a clerk named Arthur Jordan, when the former called at some offices in Gracechurch-street to inquire into the death of Sarah Ann Preston, sixty-four, a caretaker, who was found dead with a dislocated neck.

The constable was met on the stairs by Jordan, who seemed very agitated, and said, "You must not go upstairs; I am boss here. I am in charge of this case, and I strongly object to you going upstairs."

However, the constable went upstairs, and found some blood at the back of the woman's head and also on the banisters.

Another officer thought Jordan was either drunk or very agitated. He was shouting "Look, she's alive now; she's moving; she opens her eyes."

Jordan asked the coroner to excuse his hesitating speech. He was very nervous, but never admitted it unless taxed with it. He assisted Mrs. Preston to make her will, under which he benefited.

The coroner, who thought the case a very suspicious one, said Jordan's manner told greatly against him.

An open verdict was returned.

THEFT EXPOSED BY A WINDOW.

Seeing William Cummings, a dealer, behaving in a suspicious manner in an omnibus in Tottenham Court-road, P.C. Nichol went on the top of the vehicle and watched his movements, reflected in a shop window. He was evidently attempting to pick pockets, and was arrested.

Yesterday the Marlborough-street magistrate sentenced Cummings to six months' imprisonment.

GOOD NEWS FOR ANGLERS.

Anglers need not be disturbed by the report from Paris that the prices of fishing tackle and artificial bait are to rise to an alarming extent.

"The best lines," said a dealer yesterday, "are British, and England exports them all over the world. It does not matter what Parisian manufacturers are doing."

LOVE IN A HUT.

Child Tempted to a Midnight Elopement.

REMARKABLE LETTERS.

A romantic courtship, which began in a labourer's hut at Avonmouth Dock, had its sequel yesterday in Bristol Police Court, when George Baker, twenty-nine years of age, was charged with abducting Lily Hill, a girl of sixteen.

At the present time nearly two thousand men are engaged on a large dock extension scheme at Avonmouth, many of them being accommodated in huts near the scene of their work. The father of Lily Hill is a foreman engine cleaner, and has a hut for lodgers. In March Baker went to live with the Hills, but, after a fortnight, moved into a hut opposite.

Subsequently, according to the evidence given by the girl, he wrote and asked her if she would go away for a holiday with him, but she replied that she did not want to. On the following Sunday he asked her if she would go away with him and get married, and she then assented.

Her Lover's Letter.

He wrote to her as follows:—

My Dear Sweetheart,—Just a few lines to tell you as how I shan't come over any more. I see I'm not wanted. The old man told me to stop away, so I shall expect to see you Sunday. Dear Lil, it will not be for long, now. I only hope I shall get a bit of luck. Try and make an excuse to come out Saturday night. Try the old woman, for she said as how she would let you if you wanted to go out. Good-night, with love from your evener.

Finally, according to the evidence, an elopement was planned on July 31. Baker was waiting at the trysting-place, and the two walked seven miles to Bristol, where they took train to Birmingham. Afterwards they lived together at Walsall, where Baker obtained work.

He wrote a letter to the girl's parents, in which he said:—

I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines just to put your doubts at rest. I told you I should have Lil, and I've got her, and if you want to part us you will have to part man and wife. I know you have tried to do it, but I have won, so you must make the best of the bargain.

Eventually the mother found her daughter, and took her home. The girl said that, when at Walsall she asked Baker to marry her, he said he had not sufficient money.

On this evidence the magistrate ordered a remand.

TRAINED TO BITE POLICEMEN.

Having deliberately set his dog upon Constable William Owen, of Croydon, a man named Charles Rands blandly explained, "I have trained the dog for the purpose. And if you want to know my name and address Billy Bailey's is good enough for me."

He told the magistrates when they fined him 20s. and costs yesterday that he had a grievance against the force generally.

SEQUEL TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.

After a lengthy hearing at Bow-street yesterday Ernest John Dacre was committed for trial on charges of stealing from his wife £340, articles valued at £15, and of forgery.

Mrs. Dacre, who was a widow living in Melbourne, met the prisoner through a matrimonial advertisement. After they landed in England, she alleges, he deserted her.

IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

Arrested on a charge of obtaining a cheque for £65 17s. 8d. from Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome by means of a forged receipt, Herbert Reed, a commercial traveller, is alleged to have said: "I did it in a moment of temptation; I was powerless to resist."

At the Guildhall yesterday he was committed for trial.

Servia, with a population of 2,250,000, has 575 people over 100 years old. England has only 146.

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is equally good for house-cleaning kitchen sick-room and laundry; incomparable.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
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Telephones: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Office of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
Telephone: 1586 Gerrard.
Telegraphic Address: "Reflected," London.
Paris Office: 25, Rue Taitbout.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 26s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; for twelve months, 36s.; payable in advance.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904.

SPREAD OF FANATICISM.

THERE is an alarming increase of fanatical religious sects in these latter days. Men and women gather in knots of hundreds or twenties all over the place to solve the enigma of the universe and its uses.

Vague and mysterious 'ologies, weird and wondrous 'isms spring up day by day with the baneful strength and cunning of weeds in the most unexpected places.

They have an instant and delirious vogue. They affect a faithful few, who speedily arise, preach and proselytise, and presently there are many in the confraternity.

They have a common substratum—the present exchange of amenities and nodding acquaintance between science and occultism.

The healthy disregard for the miracle-monger, which has been now for such a happy long time almost a national asset, has been in the last little while gradually drifting into bankruptcy.

The difference between the ancient Briton in wood and the modern man in trousers is mainly his ability to distinguish between the desire to attribute divinity to the moon and the disadvantage of doing so.

Nowadays he has lost the faculty. It amounts to a matter of more than considerable doubt whether an appreciable number of people, entered on census papers "as sane, would not take to moon worship if a man of the genius, say, of General Booth were to propagate that as the newest solution of the eternal problem.

Between a grown man and a baby beating its hands at the air there is but the barrier of having learnt other men's wisdom. The proper savage, observing natural phenomena, prostrates himself. The correct civilised person says "Nonsense," under the same circumstances, but when a man with a big brain puts it to him differently he cries "Reason," and follows him.

HOPE FOR THE MANŒUVRES.

There is some hope, after all, of a practical good result from the Essex manœuvres.

In the first place, the heavy rain will make the ground difficult for the troops, and will introduce conditions of general discomfort that will add to the sum of experience gained.

Bad weather campaigning is a very different thing to the good weather variety. If nothing else, it is a far better test of stamina.

The educational value of the invasion itself is likely to be spoilt, as has been pointed out, by the transparency of the invaders' movements, but the last phase of the operations shows promise of profit.

After the failure of the attack, there is to be a retreat to the shore and a re-embarkation under fire, which, if carried out under any semblance of war conditions, cannot but prove an illustrative and useful object lesson.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PROBABLY in the whole of France there is only one person who never thinks of M. Loubet as the President of the French Republic. That one person is his mother, with whom he is now spending a holiday at his old home in Marsanne. She is a wonderful old lady, well over ninety now, but still hale and hearty, and still in active command of the farm on which she lives. To her the election of her son to the Presidency gave little cause for satisfaction. Of course, it was a great honour, but her affection for him came first. When the telegram announcing his election arrived at the little farm her first words were not those of gratified ambition, but "Ah, poor fellow, what a lot of worry he is going to have now."

M. Loubet may be the President in the rest of France, but at home in Marsanne he is just her son. When he arrived on his first visit after his election, old Madame Loubet was busy baking the week's bread. He came quite unexpectedly, and the first thing to be done was to arrange an addition to the family dinner. Accordingly, the President was put to mind the oven and sat there obediently, wearing the old lady's big blue apron until the necessary preparations had been made.

The Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, who has been selected as Bishop of Southwell, is, before everything else, a man who looks upon life from a practical point of view. It is well shown by the reason he gives for refusing to marry,

cry of "Silence!" There I am allowed to remain until about half-past one, when I am taken to feed with a number of my own kind. After that dreary occupation the gaoler comes again, and I am once more put into that place of silence, and there I am allowed to remain until four o'clock or later."

Rumour has already marked out Sir Arthur Nicolson, British Minister at Tangier, as the probable successor of Sir Edwin Egerton at Madrid. Sir Arthur has had a busy time over the Morocco brigands incident, and proved himself to be a capable Minister. He entered the Foreign Office from Oxford before he had time to take a degree, and during the thirty-four years since that time has seen service in many parts, for he has held positions in Peking, Berlin, Athens, Constantinople, and Budapest, besides his present post at Tangier. He is a baronet of an old family, but only came into the title five years ago.

Lord Dunraven may be an excellent statesman, and his latest appearance in the world of Irish politics may be a matter for congratulation, but to most people he will always be best known as a sportsman. He started life as a soldier, and entered the 1st Life Guards, where he achieved fame as a steeplechase rider. His next performance was to go out to Abyssinia as war correspondent for the "Daily Telegraph," and later to the Franco-Prussian war. Since then he has been Vice-Regal Aide-de-Camp, Under-Secretary, Royal Commissioner,

HIS FIRST GOOD DEED.



"Only a babe, yet it stays the cruel arm of oppression so long raised against Humanity."—"North American," Philadelphia.

[Following the premonition of our heart, we declare that from this day there shall be no corporal punishment in our Empire.—The Tsar's proclamation on the birth of the Tsarevitch.]

or, rather, by the reason he gave Queen Victoria. The Queen was commenting upon the fact that while at Portsea he had twelve curates—he afterwards had sixteen—and said, "You should get married, and then you would be able to do with at least two curates less." Quick as a flash came Dr. Lang's reply, which considerably perturbed the Queen, for she was a confirmed match-maker. "Ah, no, madam. That would scarcely do; if I have a curate who does not suit I can get rid of him, but I could not do the same with a wife!"

At St. Paul's Cathedral he was a most self-sacrificing guide, and would conduct parties of working people, Band of Hope visitors, and others round the building for hours. But he always reserved to himself the right of severely criticising the monuments. Of the greater number he could say nothing better than that they were atrocious, and should never have been erected in a place of worship.

It is extraordinary what a lot of work Mr. Justice Bigham can get through. At the present moment he is sitting in the Vacation Court, and things are quite lively there. Perhaps he works hard to relieve the tedium of his office, for if one is to believe what he says, he finds his position on the bench exceedingly dull. This is how he describes a day's work.

"My day is passed in comparative sadness. In the morning I am placed in a dreary cell. To that cell there comes a species of mute, who with me forms a dreary procession. Then I am marched into a place into which I am ushered with a dreadful

and half a dozen other things. During the Boer war he commanded the "Sharpshooters," a specially-raised body of Yeomanry. His ambition to win the America Cup is of course known to everyone, and yachting is still his favourite hobby.

During his early days, and while he was still Lord Adare, he took a lot of interest in theatrical matters, and lost a considerable amount of money in financing productions. This was so well known at the time that when a new piece was under discussion for the theatre at which he had lost so much money, the author suggested that an appropriate title would be "Robbin' Adare."

It is strange that two men who hold such totally opposite views, and who are both such born fighters, as Mr. Lloyd-George and the Bishop of St. Asaph, should be such strong personal friends. During the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Rhyl Mr. Lloyd-George is to be the guest of the Bishop, and perhaps they will be able to arrive at some ground of agreement.

The reason that the Bishop of St. Asaph is a fine fighter is to be found in the simplicity and directness of his speech. He never uses two words where one will do, and this strong restraint makes an outburst—and he knows perfectly well when one is fitting—so exceedingly telling. Then, again, he looks a fighter. The clear-cut under-lip, the tightly-drawn upper-lip, and the straight-gazing eyes give him more the appearance of a soldier than a bishop. That money made in brewing should enable a man to climb to a peerage has evoked more than one of his well-timed outbursts. He can speak almost as well in Welsh as in English.

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

There is one feature of the motor-car in which I, for one, can find no good, though if one may judge by one instance the coming generation will at any rate find no evil in it.

To me the smell of petrol, spread broadcast by so many passing motors, is disgusting. To my two small boys, on the other hand, aged respectively seven and five, it is quite the contrary. The smell, which makes me feel ill, gives them the keenest pleasure.

I am sure they would be delighted if I were to sprinkle their nursery with a mixture of petrol and lubricating oil; but I am afraid that that delight is likely to be denied them.

MARGARET BRANSTONE.

Katherine-place, Birmingham.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

Perhaps it is rather late to complain about London traffic, but, as a piece of general information, I should like to mention the state of Chancery-lane.

Yesterday I got on an omnibus at the Holborn end of Chancery-lane. We were compelled to proceed at a pace slower than that of the foot-passengers until we reached Fleet-street, merely to suit the convenience of a wagon loaded with hay which was leisurely wending its way down that important, if narrow, thoroughfare. The day before the same thing happened, the occasion being a coal cart. When remonstrated with by several drivers the driver of the coal cart merely laughed at the joke of causing so much inconvenience.

What is the matter with the police?

MAURICE K. CLARKE.

Gray's Inn, September 6.

EXTRAVAGANT MAN.

Women may seem to spend more money on clothes than men, but in reality men are much more extravagant.

It is the little (!) extras which cost so much in men's dress. Here is a list of some of the things which my husband has bought lately, and which he would never for a moment think of including in a statement of his clothing expenses:—Buttons for a fancy waistcoat, two hooks for keeping down his tie, a set of shirt studs, a tie clip, a coloured silk pocket handkerchief (twice), a pair of braces, a new lining to his hat, gloves (several pairs), a card case, a key chain, a label for his keys. He does not really want all these things, and they merely collect on the dressing-table.

I have a cheque once a quarter, and out of that I have to buy everything. He, on his side, does not recognise these useless purchases of his, and insists that as he pays less for a suit than I do for a dress he is more economical than I am.

ELLEN E. D. MASON.

Newcastle Drive, Nottingham.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Major Eustace Loder.

HE owns Pretty Polly, and, as Pretty Polly cannot help winning the St. Leger to-day if she cares to, he is the man of the moment. Certainly his fame is second to that of his wonderful racehorse. Pretty Polly is the finest racehorse of modern times, and though Major Loder is a very fine fellow, he would never claim to be as phenomenal a product of the human race as she is of the equine.

Like the Scottish minister who gave up the Church for golf, he has given up the Army for racing, but he did not do so until he had served his country well in the South African War.

To look at, Major Loder is a typical Army man, well-groomed, well-set-up, and every inch a sportsman. Hair brushed well back at the temples and showing plenty of forehead, bright, clear eyes, a trim moustache, which has none of the modern exaggerated training, and a firm mouth make up the picture of the man who owns this unbeaten racehorse.

He indulges in the luxury of a twin-brother, who, like himself, is a keen follower of the sport of kings and has done well at it.

If there is one thing more than another that he would like to know—it is exactly what Pretty Polly can do. Like everyone else, he knows that she has so far never found it necessary to do her best. Will she ever have to do that best, and if so, what will it be like?

TRANSATLANTIC.

"But you can't make a machine that will think." "No," replied the inventor; "and I wouldn't if I could—if I thought it would think as some people do."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Old saying: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.—*Atchison Globe.*

"How do you like the new missionary?" "Haven't tried him yet," replied the cannibal king; "he was painfully emaciated when he arrived."—*Houston Post.*

During leap-year it isn't fair to arrest a man for bigamy.—*Topeka State Journal.*

Knicker: Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom.

Johnny: How about swimming?—*New York Sun.*

THE "DAILY MIRROR" CINEMATOGRAF

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."



Act III. of "Beauty and the Barge," at the New Theatre. Reading from left to right are Tom Codd (Mr. Lennox Pawle), Herbert Mannere (Mr. H. Marsh Allen), Lucy Dallas (Miss Rita Jolivet), Mrs. Smedley (Miss Adela Measor), Captain Barley (Mr. Cyril Maude), Major Smedley (Mr. Edmund Maurice), Lieutenant Boyne (Mr. Kenneth Douglas), Ethel Smedley (Miss Jessie Bateman).—(Photo: Biograph Studio.)

THE FUTURE EMPRESS.



A recent photograph of the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose engagement is announced to the German Crown Prince.—(Russell and Sons.)



The Duke of spec

TRAINING FOR HER DEBUT.



Miss Lizzie Dalty, Bethnal Green's fat girl, in a practice tug-of-war little girls, all older than herself. Lizzie won. She appears on the



One of the prettiest scenes witnessed at the seaside this season was the children's hoop parade at Ryde. The above are some of the little ones who took part in the event, with their flower-bedecked hoops.—(Mathews and Son.)



The Russians have built sloping roofs, as shown above, on the transport which convey their supplies to the Far East, thus increasing the carrying

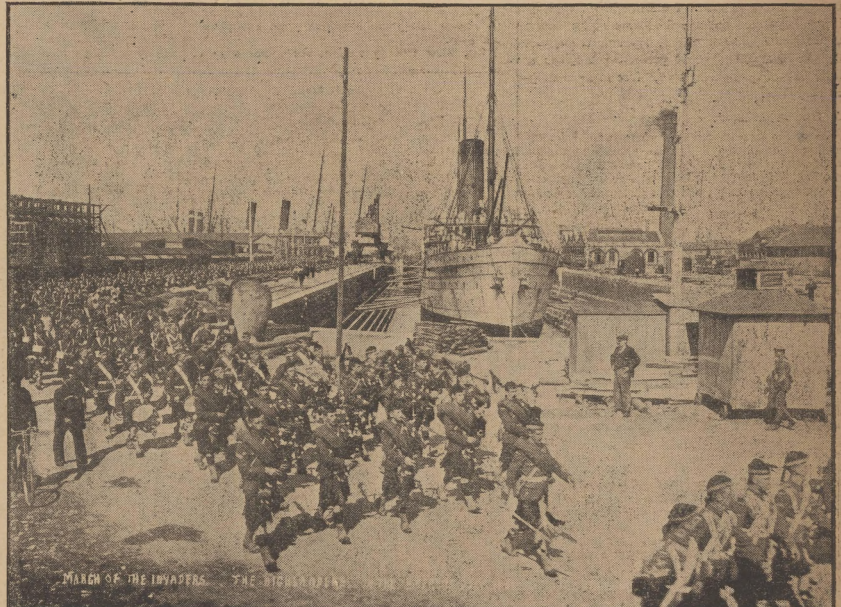
SHOWING

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

TROOPS EMBARKING FOR THE INVASION OF ESSEX.

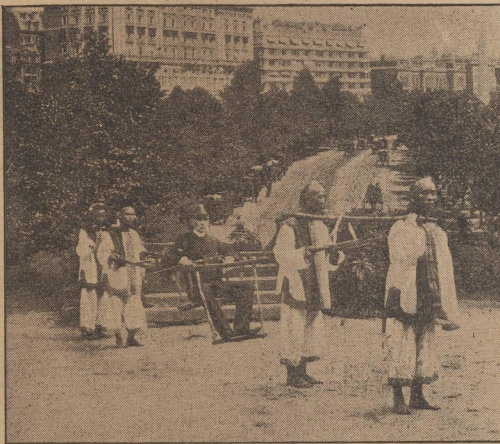


Naught and General Plumer, recognised by the figures 1 and 2 respectively, watching the invaders embarking on a transport.—(Cribb.)



March of the invaders: The Highlanders marching through the Empress Dock at Southampton en route to the transport.—(Cribb.)

LONDON AS IT ISN'T.



How delightful if you could be carried along the Embankment in this fashion, so common in Hong Kong. — (Underwood and Underwood.)



A typical group of "hoppers" outside one of their huts, in which as many as six families put up at a time.



This historic old Enfield mill, nearly 200 years old, has just been demolished.



Mr. B. C. Ford, of Forest Hill, who was to have been married last Saturday. Early in the week he disappeared, however, and he has not been heard of since.

"THE ORCHID."



The latest portrait of Miss Gabrielle Ray, the charming comedy actress, now appearing in "The Orchid."—(A study by Ellis and Walery.)

SMART TOILETS FOR ST. LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER RACES.

GIRL BACHELORS.

IN PRAISE OF THE JOYS OF INDEPENDENCE.

I am a girl bachelor, not an old maid, but I suppose one has hardly earned the right to that title at the age of twenty-three, writes one who read the article, "Happy Independence," in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*. I am one of the rapidly-increasing class who have the power of supporting themselves by the labour of hand or brain, and delight in the freedom of possessing lodgings or little flats of their "very own," free to come or go as they like.

A Changed Law.

Now, the laws of society declare—or did declare until a short time ago—that an unmarried woman under forty years of age should not live by herself, and all girlhood acquiesced in the fact, until one day it occurred to a small section to ask "Why?" No reasonable reply being discoverable, the above-mentioned section set forth to try the delights of bachelor life with all the ardour of so many Columbuses, and found not only that it was very good, but that society, after the first shock of surprise, received them and their doings quite calmly. A good many others are following in their footsteps, and those who contemplate joining the army of girl bachelors may like to hear the experiences of one.

Quiet Girls of Decorous Behaviour.

You can't be a girl bachelor unless you are of sedate years, be it premised, unless you are what is generally known as a "quiet girl," or a girl who is capable of taking care of herself. You must be even more careful in behaviour than you would be in the quiet nest of home. That is, at any rate; what I have been taught, and upon these principles I have acted. You may entertain your girl friends to your heart's content—and how pleasant such entertainments are!—in your rooms; but, except under the eye of a chaperon, you must never let any male thing, unless it is a brother or father or uncle, cross your doorstep. But, of course, your brother or your father or your uncle may bring other friends with them.

Well do I remember the struggle that went on in my mind between my hospitality and my accepted principles of decorum, when a masculine acquaintance turned up at my door in pouring rain, in the dusk of a most disagreeable day, bringing an important note for me, which he had most good-naturedly carried a long distance. I wanted very much to ask him to stay and have a cup of tea—my own was getting ready—but could not make up my mind as to the rights of the case; however, I am sure the tea would have won the day, only that the messenger solved the question by declaring that he had a train to catch, and hurrying off into the storm.

The Delights of the Breadwinner.

Those who have never tried it cannot imagine the fascination there is about the freedom of such a life. I am a journalist, on the staff of a paper; but I usually live several miles out in the suburbs for the sake of health. Every morning after breakfast I spin into town on my bicycle and see what is doing at the office, get through any work that may be wanted there, and usually leave a large portion of the day free, if I am expeditious; and after my early dinner, which I take in town, dispose of the afternoon as I please, unless it is a late day, when I stay until evening.

Sometimes an hour or two of duty calls is necessary; sometimes a commission from a newspaper occupies me well in collecting facts, and here the universally handy bicycle comes in, making many miles as nothing. Sometimes I go and read in the public library, or drop in at any afternoon entertainment that may be going on. In the winter, when the days are short and gloomy, the brilliantly-lighted gymnasium, with its delightful exercises, its easy and becoming dress, and its pleasant camaraderie among the pupils, fills up many afternoons; and the dark ride home afterwards, with lighted lamp, is softened by the pleasant recollection of one's own comfortable, firelit room, with the cloth ready laid for tea, the desk of papers, the bookshelves, and the tableful of sewing standing ready to fill up the evening hours.

Marriage May Come Some Day.

Lonely? Well, the life might be too solitary if we were not well covered; but girl bachelors are not an idle race. One's ambitions and hopes are good company at most times; and if ever the hour does come when the girl bachelor looks into the fire on her solitary hearth, and listening to the wind howling outside deadened by no noise from within, wishes that she had someone to talk to—well, she can easily bear any hardship that comes, no worse than that.

As to marriage, the girl bachelor generally supposes, much like her brother, that she may marry some day; she doesn't know, and she doesn't care much—only she would have to love a man very, very much before she would give up her self-loved freedom for him. At all events, she has no desire to settle down now; she means to have her harmless little fling as long as she likes, and feel her mind and heart grow in their complete liberty. Unlike her society sisters, she finds that the world holds at least several topics of interest

equal to man. She looks upon life with cool and unprejudiced eyes, knows the value of money, and does not waste it, though she is very seldom stingy in character, and enjoys the days of her youth while she can. In short, I can assure you, concludes this correspondent, that the delights of single blessedness are great.

TWO GOOD TRICKS.

Take a silver coin, say a shilling, and pick it up by placing the points of two pins, one on each side of the coin's edge. You may hold the coin securely in this position if you press firmly with both pins.

Now, blow smartly against the upper edge of

COOKERY CORNER.

EXCELLENT DISHES MADE OF BANANAS.

BANANA FOOL.—Rub one pound of peeled bananas through a hair sieve, sweeten to taste, and flavour it with orange juice. Mix the result lightly with half a pint of custard or stiffly-whipped cream; put it into a cold place and serve it in glasses.

BANANA MERINGUES.—To a gill of banana pulp add sugar and lemon juice to taste; and mix it lightly with a gill of stiffly-whipped cream. Freeze

let it stand for half an hour. Before using this add the white of an egg whisked to a stiff froth. Meanwhile cut some bananas into quarters, and soak them in a syrup of lemon juice and sugar for twenty minutes; then dip each piece into the batter, and fry them in plenty of hot fat. Drain them well before serving them, and sprinkle them with sugar.

BANANA TRIFLE.—Lay four ounces of macaroons in a deep glass dish; cut a sponge cake into slices, and spread these with banana pulp; place them on the macaroons, and soak them with a little sherry and brandy, and pour over the whole a pint of rich custard. Soak ten half a pint of cream to taste, flavour it with vanilla and a teaspoonful of brandy, then whip it till stiff, pile it on the top of the trifle, and decorate it with crystallised fruits and blanched and shredded almonds.

COMPOSITE OF BANANAS.—Make a syrup with one pound of loaf sugar, half a pint of water, and the strained juice of two lemons; let it boil for ten minutes, then pour over about one pound of peeled and quartered bananas. Leave it in a warm place for ten minutes, then lift out the bananas, and place them in a glass dish. Boil up the syrup until it is very thick, and pour it over the bananas. Serve this dish with whipped cream.

CHARACTERS OF BANANAS.—Line a mould with wine jelly, and decorate it with thinly sliced bananas, filling in the spaces with blanched and chopped pistachio nuts. Set it with a little more jelly. Rub three ripe bananas through a hair sieve, then add to them one ounce of sugar, six leaves of gelatine dissolved in a little warm water, the juice of half a lemon, and three gills of stiffly whipped cream. Pour the mixture into the mould, and put it on ice or in a cool place to set.

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washes clean in half the usual time and with half the usual labour, in cold or warm water; not hot; no copper fire.

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Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

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J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Mme. DOWDING, The Leading Corsetiere.

Under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.



The ELITE.

From 21/- to 6 Guineas.

Sizes in Stock: From 16 in. to 38 in. waist.

GENTS' BELTS AND CORSETS A SPECIALITY.

(All communications strictly private to Bell Department.) FARADAY HOUSE, 8 & 10, Charing Cross Road (Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)

St. Leger Day is the smartest one in all Doncaster Week, and if it is fine some very beautiful toilettes will be seen to-day. Two made for the event are sketched above. On the left is a black and white check gown, trimmed with royal blue velvet, and worn with a blue velvet hat and a big white bird with shaded orange tail feathers; and on the right a tan yarn toilette, decorated with eyelet-hole embroidery executed in tan silk and mounted upon rose-pink taffetas, which shows through the holes.

the coin and it will fly round and round, revolving with great rapidity between the pins.

A second trick to try is this—Balance a cane on the back of a chair so that the slightest touch sets it wavering. Then tell your friends that you can make it fall from the chair without touching it in any way or even blowing at it.

Although no one will believe you, it is a very simple task to perform. Get a postcard and rub it very briskly on a woollen cloth till it is thoroughly magnetised. Then hold it near one end of the cane, which will slowly turn towards it. By holding the card below this end of the cane you will attract it downwards until it overbalances and falls to the floor.

this slightly, and fill some meringue shells with the mixture; press the shells together in twos, and put them into a cool place until they are wanted.

BANANA CREAM.—Whip half a pint of cream until it is stiff, and stir into it half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a gill of warm water, a little lemon juice, and one pound of peeled bananas rubbed through a hair sieve, with two ounces of sugar. Put the mixture into a mould, and leave it in a cool place until it is set.

BANANA FRITTERS.—Put two ounces of flour into a basin, make a hole in the centre, and put into it the yolk of an egg and half a tablespoonful of salad oil, then stir in gradually half a gill of tepid water; beat the batter for ten minutes, and

WAIL OF THE HOSTESS.

How She Is Worried by Food Cranks and Owners of Uncanny Pets.

The "World" draws an awful picture of the woes of the modern hostess, whom the "diet" craves and pets of her guests are hurrying to her grave.

From inquiries made yesterday it would seem that anyone who visits a country house is either an invalid or a keeper of pets, and in some horrible cases both.

This fearful state of things has been slowly growing, until at last the desperate hostess has a collection of human beings, animals, birds, reptiles, and insects to entertain.

Feeding on Raw Beef.

All of these eat different sorts of meals at different times of the day; and they—especially the human guests—require the most varied kind of provender. In one house will be found people who insist on fruit breakfasts, and others who cannot eat cooked meat.

Recently a well-known man about town sat at dinner between two ladies who were industriously shredding raw beefsteak on silver graters and eating it with toast and hot water.

A very eminent physician once said soup was harmful, so the soup course has always several

dissenter. Other people will not touch fish; vegetarians, fruitarians, and other "arians" generally eschew meat; sweets are jibbed at by real or imaginary dietetics; others abjure fresh fruit as equally indigestible.

But these gloomy freaks must feed, and behind a battery of bottles and phials they eat something which has to be specially obtained. New foods, new preparations, partially-cooked provisions, new mineral waters, weird fruits all have their day, and wreck the continuity of the meal.

So a wife has this or that reached that some people will not eat bread unless it is cut a certain thickness, nor talk at meals, because they are counting the bites to each mouthful.

Sponge Cakes for Marmosets.

This, however, is but a tithe of the hostess's woes. The pets of these guests have to be provided for. Dogs and cats give little trouble; but the craze for strange pets has increased to such an extent that to obtain all the variety of food for a household of these things is a knotty problem.

Marmosets, so popular just now, must have their fresh sponge cakes and lively meal worms. Meerkats want good-sized mice, yet mongooses have periods when they must have a snake, or the gravest consequences ensue.

Several small reptiles want flies. Snakes, so much in favour now, are generally hankering after frogs. Dice snakes want frogs and newts; grass snakes pine for snails and slugs.

So great a need for pet provender has sprung up in country houses that the pet trade is doing in supplying this need. One of the largest purveyors of such food is Mr. J. L. Willson, the well-known livestock provider opposite Mudie's.

Add to all these horrors the task of providing for the utterly capricious needs of pet dogs and cats

and some idea of the miseries of a modern hostess can be formed. A country house has to combine the specialties of several hydropathics, the resources of the Zoo, and abnormal motor-car accommodation of every kind.

SHIRT AS MASCOT.

Russian Officers Proud To Wear Fragments of Kuropatkin's Linen.

That General Kuropatkin is still intensely popular among his troops is shown by the following story from our Moscow correspondent:—

"Outside the Commander-in-Chief's house every Wednesday may be seen his washing hanging on a line—the plain grey shirts, some stockings, and a set of flannels."

"The other day, in a strong wind, a grey shirt blew over the fence on to the road, and a number of subalterns, who were drinking tea outside, started after it. It was carried into the branches of a tree, and so many hands were stretched out that the shirt was mangled in two."

"The shirt-hunters decided that it was no use returning it; so they cut it up into a hundred little patches, which they kept for themselves and their friends."

"Four subalterns appeared at mess that night with grey patches of shirt pinned to their tunics. 'What do they do with that?' asked Colonel Khovratky. 'It's a bit of the Commander-in-Chief's shirt,' said one of the subalterns timidly. Next day several of the men begged their officers for a few threads from the shirt, to be worn as mascots."

GLUT IN FRUIT.

Covent Garden Embarrassed by Nature's Bounty.

Nature has been too prolific this year. This is the feeling of Covent Garden salesmen, who find it difficult, on account of a large crop of almost every kind of fruit, to keep prices at anything like the normal standard.

Just now, there is an abnormally large crop of the finest plums that have for many years been seen on the market, while the supply of apples of every description is far beyond the average.

Yesterday in Covent Garden first-rate Worcester apples were being sold at 2s. 3d. per peck, and the glut of plums has so affected the price of this fruit that a bushel basket will not fetch more than 2s. 6d. or 3s.

Grapes, figs, and pears are also extremely plentiful.

"In fact," said a prominent salesman yesterday, "the only fruit that has not glutted the market this year have been cherries and asphorberries."

Though the fruit crop all round has been unprecedentedly large, growers, on account of the low prices which average, are not deriving very great profit from Nature's bounty. The railway companies, however, benefit greatly. The Midland Railway in particular is running special trains laden with plums only from Evesham to the various towns in the Midlands and Scotland, as far as Inverness. So heavily-laden are some of these trains that two engines have to be employed to draw them.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

 CHAPTER XXVII. A Broken Idol.

John Gramphorn was again brought to trial, but this time as a common criminal, and with none of the glamour that attended his last appearance before a Judge. He stood in the dock at Bow-street charged with conspiracy to defraud. It was assumed for the purposes of the prosecution that his motives were of the lowest order, and that he had arranged the whole swindle for the purpose of getting money out of the British public.

The trial excited a vast amount of interest. Hundreds of people struggled to get in the court, and a vast crowd assembled outside the doors. But there was no cheering nor waving of hats. The better class of spectators frowned and maintained a sullen silence. The rougher element gave vent to its feelings in hisses and groans. Gramphorn's appearance was the signal for an outburst of vulgar hostility. In the bitterness of his heart he recalled the roar of popular enthusiasm which had greeted him on the previous occasion.

All the facts were proved against John Gramphorn, and every statement in Stanyon's letter was substantiated. It was proved that Stanyon and Manneering were identical. It was proved that the mine had no existence, and it was proved that Gramphorn had paid Stanyon £20,000 to carry out the fraud. So far the prosecution carried everything before them.

Yet it was very properly acknowledged that the motives for an act are as important as the act itself. And it was here that the prosecution failed. There was nothing to prove that John Gramphorn had profited, or had intended to profit, personally by the perpetration of this fraud. On the contrary, the evidence all pointed to the fact that he had acted from the very highest motives, and that he had but a single object in view—the addition of Mashangewald to the British Empire.

"I have done evil," he said, in a bitter and eloquent speech. "I have done evil that good might come. Have I acted as a thief or a swindler or a coward? I could have torn up my share certificates and thrown them into the waste paper basket, and still I should have been a very rich man. But what has happened? I have supported the market single-handed, and am now almost a beggar."

The Judge, a hard, impartial man, moved neither by Gramphorn's eloquence nor by the popular clamour against him, summed up in the financier's favour, and the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Yet, as Gramphorn left the court, he realised that victory may be worse than defeat. The verdict had been received in sullen silence, and the vast crowd that had assembled outside in the street hissed and hooted as he passed through them to his carriage. The scene was an unpleasant and ironical contrast to his exit after the previous trial. Then he had been found Guilty, yet the horses had been unharnessed and he had been dragged in triumph through the streets by a hundred willing hands. Such is the true worth of public opinion.

John Gramphorn was now, in spite of his acquittal, a disheartened and discredited man. He sold his house in Park-lane and saved £225,000 from

the wreck of his fortune. It was a considerable sum to a poor man. For Gramphorn, a man of simple tastes, it was more than enough to support life in comfort and comparative luxury. Yet to Gramphorn the financier and patriot it was a pegg's portion. Money did not represent to him a house, servants, and all the trappings of wealth. It was a power to move nations, to bend the highest to his will, to control the destiny of thousands, and with a mere £225,000 he was powerless. His wings were clipped for the time being. He could run, but could not soar.

Mashangewald shares sank lower and lower by 1-16ths and 1-32nds, almost imperceptibly, but surely, day by day. Gramphorn was helpless. The pockets of his former friends were closed to him. At last Mashangewald shares were practically unsaleable.

Three of the Mashangewald companies went into liquidation, and Gramphorn irreftrievably lost nearly a million sterling. A small call of 2s. on one parcel of shares almost swamped his available capital, and he was left to face the world with £5,000.

Yet the indomitable spirit of the man remained unbroken, and he resolved to fight to the bitter end. The question of Mashangewald was still under discussion. It was still possible to secure it for England. He took cheap lodgings in Bloomsbury for himself and his mother, and worked day and night to increase his tiny fortune, and provide himself with the sinews of war.

But in spite of his plans for the future, he could not forget the past. He was a man who never forgave and never forgot. He vowed, if ever he got the upper hand of his enemies, to treat them with such merciless cruelty that they would take their own lives rather than endure the weight of his vengeance.

He often puzzled his brains about the sale of the Mashangewald shares that had taken place the day before Stanyon's suicide. Mrs. Waldteufel, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Burt! These three names were often in his mind. These people had all sold before the news of the fraud had become public property. How had they gained their knowledge? And who was Mr. Burt?

Gramphorn knew Wilks, and he knew Mrs. Waldteufel; but all inquiries on his part, and he had employed a detective for the purpose, had failed to discover any information about the man who had also known the right time to sell Mashangewald shares. The point, apparently of no importance at all, worried Gramphorn more than he cared to confess. This man Burt was obviously to be placed on the list of his enemies, and he wanted to know where to find him when the day of reckoning came.

Then one Sunday he resolved to call on Mrs. Waldteufel at Hapsburg House. It was a sudden and unpremeditated idea on his part. It had come to him at breakfast. It promised little of value, but it might be of interest. He never met Mrs. Waldteufel, the woman whose wits had been pitted against his own in the days when he was a power to be reckoned with. He was curious to see her. It was possible that he might be able to learn something about Mr. Burt.

He drove to Hapsburg House, and to his surprise was immediately ushered into the drawing-room. The little circle of women were seated in their path. He had expected innumerable questions and delays. But he was treated with contemptuous indifference. Never before had his impotence been so forcibly brought home to him.

He was cordially received by Mrs. Waldteufel. She had nothing to fear from this man now, and he placed no obstacle in his way. He never met Mrs. Waldteufel, the woman whose wits had been pitted against his own in the days when he was a power to be reckoned with. He was curious to see her. It was possible that he might be able to learn something about Mr. Burt.

And Gramphorn, as he looked up at the lovely face of the woman who had triumphed over his downfall, made a comment in his mind which was equally brief and to the point. "A beautiful

woman," he thought, "but deep as the bottomless pit."

"What do you want, Mr. Gramphorn," she said, after they had exchanged the customary greetings. Her tone was insolent. It almost implied that Gramphorn had come to beg.

"I wanted to see you, Mrs. Waldteufel," he replied, "curiosity, you know."

"What do you mean?" asked Colonel Khovratky. "I'm a bit of the Commander-in-Chief's shirt," said one of the subalterns timidly.

"Mrs. Wilkinson!" said Gramphorn. "You have not married Arthur Wilkinson?"

"Apparently," she replied with a smile. "Well, now that your curiosity is satisfied, do you want anything further?"

"Yes," said Gramphorn; "I want to ask after your friend, Mr. Burt. We have some share certificates to send him. He has disappeared."

"Mr. Burt—Mr. Burt?" she said, with a bewildered stare. "Who on earth is he?" Gramphorn looked at her keenly. He could not decide whether his ignorance was assumed or real.

"Yes," he continued, "Mr. Burt, your partner in your little fiasco on the Stock Exchange. You must be a rich woman, Mrs. Waldteufel—I should say Mrs. Wilkinson."

"I have never heard of Mr. Burt," she replied coldly, "what are you driving at?"

"Come, no nonsense," he said. "Where is Mr. Burt? If you don't tell me, I will make things very unpleasant for you," Mrs. Wilkinson laughed merrily.

"I don't tell you the gentleman," she replied, "and I may tell you Mr. Gramphorn that my husband is in the next room. It is true that he is not quite sober, but he is a devil when he is in drink, and he doesn't love you. Shall I call him?"

"Don't trouble," Gramphorn replied, losing her arm. "I will get even with the lot of you one of these days. But if you are married to that brute, I will get even with you. You have had the best of it, but I will get even with you." Mrs. Wilkinson laughed merrily.

"We are not afraid of you, Mr. Gramphorn," she said. "It is true that you are a lion—I think one paper called you the lion of England. But your claws have been clipped."

"Claws have a nasty habit of growing again," retorted Gramphorn, and with this farewell remark he left the room.

 CHAPTER XXVIII. Small of the Susannah.

During the next two months Gramphorn worked quietly and unobtrusively to make money. His name was never before the public, but he was interested in several small financial schemes which turned out exceedingly well. He was a shrewd and daring speculator, a man who had no rival in the art of making money. He rarely made a mistake. He had the born instinct for finance, and could seize on the one good thing out of the heap of rubbish that is offered to the public every day. He was hampered by lack of capital, but for all that he was gradually rising from the abyss. Such men, more common in America than in England, are bound to come to the top.

Towards the middle of September he resolved to take a fortnight's holiday. He was worn out with the perpetual worry of small finance, and needed rest. He left his affairs in the hands of his only clerk, who was dignified by the name of "secretary," and went to Scaford with his mother. Old Mrs. Gramphorn had never been so happy as in this time of comparative poverty. Again and again she thanked God that her son had been turned

from the Mammon of unrighteousness. The news of the fraud had scarcely come as a shock to her. In her opinion it was the natural conduct of a City financier. She regarded her son's downfall as a chastening blow, mercifully delivered by Providence. This attitude was not unpleasant to Gramphorn. It was, at any rate, free from recriminations.

He took quiet lodgings on the front, and Gramphorn was content to gaze idly at the sea for the first day or two. The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful. The green slopes of the downs, the glare of the white chalk in the sunlight, the smooth, blue sea, and the cloudless sky overhead. It was almost tropical, but a delightful contrast to the roar and bustle of London life.

Then, one morning as he watched the black smoke stream from the funnels of a paddle-boat, an idea struck him that he would cross over from Newhaven to Dieppe on the same boat from which Stanyon had leapt to his death. He would have a talk to the captain, and get particulars of the event which had wrecked all his hopes and ambitions. Newhaven was only three miles off.

He carried out his intentions the very next day, and crossed by the morning boat to Dieppe. When she was moored alongside the quay he sought out the captain, announced himself as Mr. Amerie, and asked point-blank for information. He explained that he was the brother of the girl that Stanyon had been engaged to, and that she was anxious to hear all particulars.

The captain, a bluff, kindly seaman, told the whole story from start to finish. It differed in no way from the accounts which had appeared in the papers. Gramphorn listened impatiently.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Amerie," the captain said, "that is about all."

"The fishing smack?" Gramphorn queried, "what was the name of her?"

"The Susannah, a Deal boat. She belongs to Captain Small."

"Did it ever occur to you," asked Gramphorn, "that they may have found the body and said nothing about it?"

"Yes," the captain answered thoughtfully, "that has occurred to me."

"Mr. Stanyon," Gramphorn continued, "would probably have a lot of money on him, not to mention perhaps as much as twenty thousand pounds. It would be a great temptation, would it not? They could easily have taken the money and thrust the body back into the sea. Do you know anything of Small?"

"Nothing good," replied the captain grimly. "It is even possible," continued Gramphorn, "that Stanyon was alive when they found him, and dead when they threw him back into the water."

"No," said the captain, "I won't believe that, Mr. Amerie."

"He might have died naturally," suggested Gramphorn. "Did you know of the money?"

"No," replied the captain.

"What suggested the idea to you, then?" Gramphorn asked sharply. The captain was silent.

"You are keeping something back," said Gramphorn sternly.

"I will tell you," the captain replied. "It was no business of mine to suggest such a thing, but, as you seized on the same idea, I will tell you something. I went on board the Susannah myself. The decks on her port bow were wet, as though something had been pulled on to them out of the sea."

"A wave?" suggested Gramphorn.

"It was a dead calm."

"The nets perhaps?"

"They were dry," said the captain. "I looked at them; they had not been put out that night."

Gramphorn thought for a moment.

"Thank you," he said. "I think I will go and see Captain Small of the Susannah."

(To be continued.)

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

"Wife" of One Man Betrothed to Another.

MADELEINE SMITH'S EFFORTS TO BE FREE.

Madeline Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1887, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emilio L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeleine Smith at her trial were (1) that she had tried of her secret intrigue with L'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would never let her marry; (2) her family was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) L'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her terrible love letters to her father.

We show to-day how Madeleine, while still calling herself L'Angelier's "wife," formally betrothed herself to William Minnoch. She seizes the opportunity afforded by L'Angelier's endless jealous revellings to declare the liaison ended. "I have your letters," comes L'Angelier's answer; "I will use them to expose you; but I will never let you go free."

CHAPTER IX.

A Woman's Double Game—"My Love for You Has Ceased"—How L'Angelier Took His Dismissal—Two Terrified Souls.

On January 28, 1887, Madeleine Smith formally accepted William Minnoch as her future husband. So she and L'Angelier were face to face. She was waiting for the first chance to get clear of him. Like a cat she watched; the next time L'Angelier gave her the least opening she meant to take it.

His frame of mind was such that Madeleine had not long to wait. Yesterday she showed how the dying embers of passion had been fanned into a momentary flame. There was her letter dated the last Sunday in January. Before the last week of February was out, the quarrel had come. He had returned her one of her letters. What was in it we do not know. It was not found among the others. Probably in her annoyance at having it so returned she destroyed it. But this was her opportunity to be off with the old love. So she burst out to L'Angelier in a strain there was no longer any mistaking.

I felt truly astonished to have my last letter returned to me. But it will be the last you shall have an opportunity of returning to me. When you are not pleased with the letters I send you then our correspondence shall be at an end. And, as there is coolness on both sides, our engagements will be broken. This may astonish you, but you have more than once returned me my letters, and my mind is made up that I should not stand the same thing again. And you also annoyed me much on Saturday by your conduct in coming so near me. Altogether, I think, owing to coolness and indifference (nothing else) that we had better for the future consider ourselves as strangers. I trust to your honour as a gentleman that you will not reveal anything that we have passed between us. I shall feel obliged by your bringing me my letters and likeness on Thursday evening at seven. Be at the area gate, and Christina Haggart will take the parcel from you. On Friday night I shall send you all your letters, likeness, etc. I trust you may yet be happy, and get one more worthy of you than I. On Thursday, at seven o'clock.—M.

"I DID ONCE LOVE YOU."

Then, on the other side of the paper, comes a much more feverish scrawl:—

You may be astonished at this sudden change, but for some time back you must have noticed a coolness in my notes. My love for you has ceased, and that is why I was cool. I did once love you truly, fondly; but for some time back I have lost much of that love. There

is no other reason for my conduct, and I think it but fair to let you know this. I might have gone on and become your wife, but I could not have loved you as I ought. My conduct you will condemn, but I did at one time love you with heart and soul. It has cost me much to tell you this, sleepless nights, but it is necessary you should know. If you should remain in Glasgow, or go away, I hope you may succeed in all your endeavours. I know you will never injure the character of one you so fondly loved. No, Emilio, I know you have honour, and are a gentleman. What has passed you will not mention. I know when I ask you that you will comply. Adieu."

L'Angelier took it like a madman. Somehow lovers, when they are bent on jilting, always write that sort of letter, as though it was the easiest thing in the world for them to take away that which they had given. Madeleine wrote after the fashion of her kind when wanting to be off with the old love; L'Angelier received the announcement after the fashion of his kind—the baffled lover—and became utterly obstinate in his determination that she should never be free.

THE LOVER'S THREAT.

The cashier at Huggins and Co., where L'Angelier worked, gives us at the trial a glimpse of how the young man behaved at the time. "L'Angelier came to me between 10 and 11 a.m. crying; he said he had received a letter from Miss Smith that morning asking back her letters, and wishing the correspondence to cease, and he said that a coolness had arisen. I said, 'You ought to give up the matter and be done with it.' I made the remark that the lady was not worthy of him. He said he would not give up the letters; he said so distinctly, determinedly. He said he was determined to keep them, but he threatened at the same time to show them to her father. I told him he was very foolish, and that he had much better give them up. He said, 'No, I won't; she shall never marry another man as long as I live.' He also said, 'Tom, it is an infatuation; she'll be the death of me.' He was exceedingly excited during the whole time."

But for a few days he sent no answer to Madeleine's cruel letter. She scribbles off a four-line note asking for one.

I attribute it to your having told that I had no answer to my last note. On Thursday evening you were, I suppose, afraid of the night air. I fear your cold is not better. I again appoint Thursday night first, same place, street gate, seven o'clock.

And then the blow fell. L'Angelier sat down and put on paper the threats which he had already uttered among his friends. That letter, like nearly all the rest of his, is lost. But this we do know, that he told her that if she persisted in giving him up he would expose her. Whatever turn the quarrel was to have taken, Madeleine certainly never bargained for this denouement. The agony his letter brought upon her matched his own. That fact, more than anything, showed what a child she was to have imagined for an instant that with these terrible letters of hers in his possession he would have let her go free simply at her request.

MADELEINE'S CRY FOR MERCY.

She implores him to spare her. Monday and Tuesday of that week (February 10 and 11—) we have to be particular about dates at this point) her hysterical letters poured forth screaming for pity.

Emile, I have just had your note. Emile, for the love you once had for me do nothing till I see you. For God's sake do not bring your once-loved Mimi to an open shame. Emile, I have decided to give up the love of my mother. God knows she did not boast of anything I had said of you, for she, poor woman thought I had broken off with you last winter. I deceived you by telling you she still knew of our engagement. She did not. This I now confess, and as for wishing for any engagement with another, I do not fancy she ever thought of it. I have said to no one, not to Papa, or any other. Oh, do not till I see you on Wednesday night. Be at the Hamiltons' at twelve, and I shall open my shutter, and then you will come to the area gate, and I shall see you. It would break mother's heart. Oh, Emile, be not harsh to me. I am the most guilty, miserable wretch on the face of the earth. Emile, do not drive me to death. When I ceased to love you, believe me, it was not to love another. I am free from all engagements at present. Emile, for God's sake, do not send my letters to Papa. It will be an open rupture. I will leave the house. I will die, Emile. Do nothing till I see you. One word more—tonight at nine o'clock, I will come, or I shall go mad. Emile, you did love me, did you not? Truly, love you, too. Oh, Emile, be not so harsh to me. Will you not, but I cannot ask forgiveness, I am too guilty for that. I have deceived. It was love for you at the time made me say Mama knew of our engagement. To-morrow one word, and on Wednesday we meet.

I would not again ask you to love me, for I know you could not. But, oh, Emile, do not make me go mad. I will tell you that only myself and Christina Haggart knew of my engagement to you. Mama did not know since last winter. Pray for me, for a guilty wretch, but do nothing! Emile, do not, do not, do not, to-morrow night, one line, for the love of God.

Tuesday morning—I am ill. God knows what I have suffered—my punishment is more than I can bear. Do nothing till I see you—for the love of Heaven, do nothing. I am mad, I am ill.

Then, written at the foot in pencil, come the two words "Sunday night."

THE PASSION THAT COULD NEVER RETURN.

On Tuesday evening there is another letter to L'Angelier—the same frenzied appeal for mercy:—

Emile, no one can know the intense agony of mind I have suffered last night and to-day. Emile, my father's wrath would kill me. You little know his temper. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do not denounce me to my Papa. Emile, if he should read my letters to you, he will put me from him; he will hate me as a guilty wretch. I loved you, and wrote to you in my first ardent love. It was with my deepest love I loved you. It was for your love I adored you. I put on paper what I should not. I was free, because I loved you with my heart. If he or any other one saw those fond letters to you, what would not be said of me. On my bended knees I write to you and ask you, as you hope for mercy at the Judgement Day, do not inform on me. Do not make me a public shame. Emile, my life has been one of bitter disappointment. You, and you only, can make the rest of my life peaceful. My own conscience will be a punishment that I shall carry to my grave. I have deceived the best of men. You may forgive me, but God never will. For God's love forgive me, and betray me not. For the love you once had for me do not bring down my father's wrath on me. My heart is empty (who is not well). It will ever cause me bitter unhappiness. I am humble before you and crave your mercy. You can give me forgiveness, and you, oh, you only, can make me happy for the rest of my life. I would not ask you to love me or ever make me your wife. I am too guilty for that. I have deceived and told you too many falsehoods for falsehoods ever to respect me. But, oh, will you not keep my secret from the world. Oh, will you not for Christ's sake denounce me. I shall be undone. I shall be ruined. Who would trust me? Shame would be my lot. Despair me, hate me, but make me not the public scandal. Forget me for ever, block out all remembrance of me.

I did love you, and it was my soul's ambition to be your wife. I asked you to tell me my faults. You did so, and it made me cool towards you gradually. When you have found fault with me I have cooled. It was not love for another, for there is no one I love. My love has all been given to you. My heart is empty. Cold—I am unloved. I am despised. I told you I had ceased to love you. It was true. I did not love as I did; but oh, till within the time of our coming to town I loved you fondly. I longed to be your wife. I had fixed February. I longed for it. The time I could not leave my father's house I grew discontented; then I ceased to love you. Oh, Emile, this is indeed a true statement.

Now you can know my state of mind. Emile, I have suffered much for you. I lost in much of my father's confidence since that September. And my mother has never been the same to me. No, she has never given me the same kind look. For the sake of my mother, for who gave me life, spare me from shame. Oh, Emile, will you in God's name hear my prayer?

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DENOUNCE ME NOT.

I ask God to forgive me. I have prayed that he might put it in your heart yet to spare me from shame. Never, never, while I live can I be happy. No, no, I shall always have the thought of deceived you. I am guilty. It will be a punishment I shall bear till the day of my death. I am humbled thus to crave your pardon, but I care not; while I have breath I shall ever think of you as my best friend, if you will only keep this between ourselves. I blush to ask you. Yet, Emile, will you grant me this of our last favour? If you will never reveal what has passed. Oh, for God's sake, for the love of Heaven, hear me. I grow mad. I have been ill, very ill, all day. I have had what has given me a false spirit. I had resort to what I should not have taken, but my brain is on fire. I feel as if death would indeed be sweet. Denounce me not, Emile. Emile, this of our last happy days. Pardon me if you can, pray for me to the most wretched, miserable, guilty creature on the earth. I could stand anything but my father's bad displeasure. Emile, you will not cause my death. If he is to get your letters I cannot see him any more; and my poor mother, I will not make him kiss her, and she would be a shame to them all. Emile, will you not spare me this? Hate me, despise me, but do not expose me. I cannot write more, I am too ill to-night.—M.

What a labyrinth of bewilderment this unhappy girl—first by her lapse of virtue, and then by her want of truth—was driving herself into! The kernel of that last letter was a lie—she declared that the only reason for her breaking off the intrigue was her coolness—"my heart is cold." In reality, she loved another, to whom she was betrothed. But L'Angelier loved her, and love knows no mercy. Who can blame him, it is the law of life. He would not let her go. It was a duel of the sexes. The adversaries were face to face.

(To be continued.)

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SUNKEN THAMES STEAMER.**Accident Calls Attention to an Alarming Danger.**

All London was talking yesterday of the sensational sinking of the passenger steamer Queen Elizabeth at Kew Bridge.

"It is a blessing," said a member of the crew, "that the accident happened where it did, or there would have been a sad death-roll."

It was only a matter of minutes that divided 200 souls from death.

Had Captain Brooks been less prompt in heading for the shore many London homes would to-day have been in mourning, while if the passengers had realised their terrible danger a panic might have ensued which would surely have resulted in the loss of many lives.

Saved by Coolness.

So swiftly did the boat fill that many persons in the cabin were up to their knees in water before they could escape.

Only two gentlemen of the crowd who were in the cabin at tea realised what had happened when they felt the shock, and fortunately they kept their heads.

The steward who was serving the meal had to leave the cabin so quickly that he was unable to take his shore clothes, and his watch and chain and money now lie several feet under water. In this he suffers in common with the rest of the crew.

Disquieting State of Affairs.

Indignation is expressed in many quarters at the almost incredible fact that the river Thames, the waterway of the premier city of the world, should conceal dangers which imperil the lives of those who trust themselves on it.

That a steamboat, even at low water, could not pass safely through the middle arch of Kew Bridge is regarded as an amazing revelation. Careful and systematic dredging, it is said, would have exposed the pile which bored the hole in the Queen Elizabeth.

Little or no dredging, it is said, has been done in the Thames this year, and from below Kew to Richmond it is always at low water difficult to find a navigable course. Just above Kew Bridge, by the piece of land known as "the Bush," very careful navigation is always necessary, otherwise danger is to be apprehended.

ROYAL PENITENTS.**Pilgrimage on Foot Ordered by the Pope.**

A story, reminding one of the Middle Ages, is related by our Berlin correspondent.

In the year 1897, Prince Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg married Princess Alice of Bourbon, in Venice, the then Patriarch, Cardinal Sarto (the present Pope), officiating at the wedding.

The marriage, however, proved an unhappy one, and the couple separated. Since that time the Pope has never ceased to use his influence to bring about a reconciliation, and has apparently succeeded, but he has imposed a somewhat drastic penance.

In fulfilment of this task the royal couple are now making a pilgrimage on foot, from Saxony to Rome, disbursing gifts of money and performing acts of charity by the way. The royal pilgrims only put up at the simplest roadside inns, and partake of the simplest food, and both wear sandals. Prince Frederick is attired in a grey suit, with a felt hat, and a broad crêpe band on the arm, while the princess wears a veil on her head and a black travelling dress, without any ornament whatsoever.

BILLIARD BALL CAUSES DEATH.

Another attempt to place a billiard ball in a man's mouth has proved fatal.

In a Paris billiard saloon a party of gentlemen disputed as to the possibility of anyone putting a billiard ball in his mouth. One of them declared that he could do it, and, with great difficulty, succeeded, but, to the horror of the bystanders, the ball could not be got out again. All the efforts of a doctor to remove the ball were unavailing, and the man died in the greatest agony.

MERCENARY BRIDEGROOM.

In one of the fashionable churches of Berlin the other day some 150 wedding guests had assembled, when a messenger arrived announcing that the ceremony would not take place.

Two hours before the ceremony the groom had an interview with his wealthy prospective father-in-law, and asked for the dowry of £2,500 to be handed to his fiancée before the wedding. On this request being refused he declared the marriage could not take place.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

After shooting his adopted daughter at Losser, on the Dutch frontier, a Protestant pastor threw himself in front of an approaching train.

Foiled in his attempt at suicide by the engine-driver pulling up, the pastor drew a revolver and shot himself dead.

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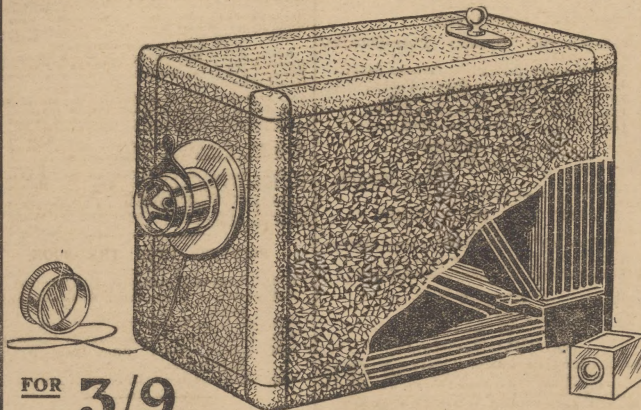
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WHAT THE "LEGER" MAY DO.

Winning Owners Who May Change Places After the Race.

Since Rock Sand won the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, Sir James Miller has held the premier position in the list of winning owners for the present season. His position, however, is now in jeopardy, for the result of the St. Leger this afternoon may completely alter the complexion of affairs.

The following are the winners for the season of the six owners who will be represented in the St. Leger: Mr. Leopold de Rothschild (4 winners, 9 races, value £13,916), Major Eustace Loder (2—5—£13,335), Mr. F. Alexander (5—10—£10,093), Mr. J. Musker (6—10—£4,737 10s.), Lord Harewood (1—5—£3,036), and Mr. S. B. Joel (6—10—£3,086 10s.).

The value of the St. Leger to the winner will be £25,125. Sir James Miller, with ten winners, has won nineteen races, of the aggregate value of £19,480. For the time being he has only to fear the victory of St. Amant. Should the Derby winner prove successful, Mr. de Rothschild's winnings will be increased to £19,014, and he will at once take the premier position.

Pretty Polly's victory would give Major Eustace Loder the second place in the list, his winnings being increased to £18,800, or only £109 below those of Sir James Miller. Mr. F. Alexander can only hope to gain second place in the list; but the victory of Andover would enable him to step over the heads of the Duke of Portland (£12,199), Major Eustace Loder, and Mr. de Rothschild, who now intervene between him and the leader, and his winnings for the year would be swelled to £15,218.

DONCASTER BLOODSTOCK SALES.

There was not a large crowd in the sale rings at Doncaster yesterday, and only fair prices were realised. The Earl of Doncaster secured up five Irish-bred yearlings claiming Desmond as their sire, but only one was sold.

Contrary to expectations, Mr. Musker's contingent from the Western Hill stud, considering their high pedigrees, went below their value. Lord Westbury giving top price—800 guineas—for a filly, own sister to Graceland, by Melton-Glue.

In the second ring, most interest centred in the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's yearlings, and, as expected, there was keen competition for the filly by Royal Hampton-Climax, owned by Lord Westbury, but Mr. Tom Jennings, acting on behalf of Lord Westbury, failed the longest, and secured her for 2,300 guineas.

Lord Penrhyn secured a brother to Simony for 560 guineas.

RACEHORSE DROPS DEAD.

While taking part in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster yesterday, Compliment dropped dead. The horse, who was owned by the late Sir James Miller, was formerly the property of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple, and was purchased privately by the deceased baronet's trainer, Willie Waugh, for whom he secured several races.

Mr. J. A. Miller bought the horse after winning a race at the recent Stockton Meeting.

GALLOPS OF ST. LEGER HORSES.

With a bright morning and a bracing air the Town Moor was a popular resort for early risers yesterday morning, the exercise of the St. Leger candidates being the great attraction. Of course, nothing beyond healthy work was done, but this was interesting.

The favourite, Polly, looking in grand fettle, was ridden by W. Lane a mile and a half at a brisk pace. The Derby winner, St. Amant, went a similar distance with his usual pilot, Kempton Cannon, in the saddle, and Mornington Cannon was on the back of Mr. F. Alexander's colt Andover, who had a similar spin.

Of the others, Lord Harewood's candidate Alansack went the St. Leger course at a good pace. The Gallop track is in capital condition.

RACING PARAGRAPHS.

The victory of Guigine in the Stand Plate at Doncaster yesterday gave Mr. Charles Hannam his first success during the present season. His brother "Boby," however, has been credited with three races.

Amongst the runners for the Doncaster Welter Handicap was Harak, and dissatisfied with the way in which he has been treated by the handicappers, Mr. F. Blaskovics has decided not to run the horse again in this country, and on Monday next he returns to Hungary.

No matter what may be the result of the St. Leger this afternoon, Mr. P. J. Wall will still remain at the head of the list of winning trainers. The horses under his charge have won upwards of £20,000 in stakes this season, and the two winners of the St. Leger will be represented in the race as Alfred Hayhoe. The latter's only winner this season has been St. Amant, whose victories in the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby credited him with £11,750.

It is appropriate that winners at Doncaster should recall memories of their progenitors who have become famous by winning on the Town Moor. Two Leger winners were brought to mind by the successes of Denetta and Kilglass yesterday, the former being a daughter of Denova and the latter a son of Kinglass. Both these horses were also victorious in the Derby, and another Blue Riband winner was recalled to memory when Andree, a son of Ayrshire, won the first race.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

Some sensation has been caused by the announcement that as many as twelve competitors may start in the amateur 100 kilometres race, which is to be motor paced, next Saturday. With so many on the track, the risk of serious accident is obviously very great, especially as a speed of fifty miles an hour will be attained.

It has been suggested that eliminating races should be run off before the day, but the majority of the competitors do not agree with such an alteration of the original conditions.

The heavy rain yesterday prevented the riders from doing any exercise, although a large number were at the track waiting for the weather to clear. During the day several professional riders arrived. During the Crystal Palace track, including Piard (France), H. Meyer, O. Meyer, and W. Ritt (Germany), Ellegard (Denmark), Messart (Belgium), Bixio (Italy), and Meyers (Holland).

Most of these will compete in tomorrow's races, which consist of the professional 20 kilometres championship, three semi-finals of the amateur event over the same distance, five miles professional handicap, and a 500 lap amateur scratch race.

RUGBY FOOTBALL'S LOSS.

Gwyn Nicholls, the Great Three-quarter, Retires.

NOTES ON HIS CAREER.

From a Welsh source the information is forthcoming that Gwyn Nicholls has definitely decided to retire from active participation in Rugby football. Assuming such to be the case the Principality loses its most distinguished player.

Those who have followed Rugby at all closely do not need to be told that Gwyn, for the last five or six years, has been regarded, and justly so, as the finest centre three-quarter in the four Unions.

Welshmen, particularly those associated with the Cardiff club, know how many of their triumphs were due to his skill and generalship. No more unselfish centre ever played the game, nor one who knew so well the precise moment to pass the ball to his wing man. Willie Llewellyn, the Llwynypia three-quarter, would be the first to admit that he owes much of the fame he has won to the splendid judgment of Nicholls.

Nicholls' English Born.

Had birth qualification been an essential for international games Nicholls must have played for England, as he was born at Westbury-on-Severn, and he has several times represented Gloucestershire. Like Edwin Hancock, whose big brother, "Boby" Hancock, was in the England fifteen, Gwyn has been practically associated with Welsh football, and at the outset of his career was regarded as the legitimate successor of Arthur Gould.

Nicholls made his real mark in the England match at Swansea in 1899, when the English fifteen sustained a terrible thrashing at the hands of the Welshmen. Nicholls won that match for Wales.

The brothers James, at half, were during the early stages of the game throwing the ball behind them in a reckless manner, and Skrimshire, Gwyn's partner in the centre, was full of nerves. Had the English forwards realised the situation they might easily have turned the whole fortune of the match. As it was, the cool, resourceful Nicholls covered the blunders of his own backs, Bancroft included, gradually steadied the side, and paved the way for a splendid win. Having made the defence sound English proceeded to develop the attacking powers of the side. How successful he was in every respect perhaps the English players who took part in that encounter can bear the best testimony. For my own part, I cannot recall a great game in which the tide of fortune was so entirely changed by the efforts and the brains of one man.

Compared with Gould.

It will, I suppose, always be a matter of difference between Rugby men as to whether Nicholls or Gould was the best centre three-quarter Wales has produced. It is a nice point, and one difficult to determine. They were both great, and yet differed in some of their methods. Gould, who by reason of his exceptional agility earned the sobriquet of "monkey" was the more dangerous in attack in a personal sense. Nicholls was the more sound, yet in a way and indirectly quite as effective as an offensive power as his great predecessor. Nicholls had not the snipe-like turn of Gould, nor did he drop goals with the same facility and frequency. On the other hand, he was stronger in defence, and, as Gould often said, got outside the picture of general combination.

In estimating, contrasting, or comparing the two men it is important to bear in mind the fact that each learned and played his football under different conditions. Gould first represented Wales as a full-back, and subsequently became the foremost centre three-quarter of his day. But then there were only three three-quarter backs.

Gould was great then, and Edwin Hancock apart, he did more than any Welshman to develop the four three-quarter game. Nicholls came in at the point where Gould left off. Had the two men been contemporaneous in the 'eighties I think Gould would have held the sway. Under the modern style, however, and because of his strong defence, would have been considered the superior.

It is a ticklish point, and one that can never be settled. Personally I think the finest centre three-quarter I ever saw was R. L. Aston, but then I am an Englishman.

TOUCH JUDGE.

FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

The annual Association football match between London and Cambridge University will be played on January 29.

The annual meeting of the Surrey County Football Association will be held at the Holborn Restaurant, September 19.

Speaking on the action of the Committee of the Football League with regard to referees at the meeting and criticising in newspapers football matches in which they officiate, Mr. F. J. Wall, the secretary of the Football Association, stated yesterday that the matter had not yet been considered by the association.

Walker Wainwright, the well-known Yorkshire cricketer, played for the 'Spurs Reserves as goalkeeper on Monday modern style. Nicholas, a member of the staff at Tottenham. He gave a very good display, especially as Mapley, one of the 'Spurs backs, broke down after his ninety and had to retire. The 'Spurs won the match by 3 goals to love.

WITH THE JUNIORS.

The Lesser Lights of Football Eager to Commence.

OUR RISING PLAYERS.

In the parks and open spaces of London it is ordained by the authorities that the month of September shall be reserved for cricket. But the various match grounds present a deserted appearance, and where a few short weeks ago the multitude of flying balls made locomotion positively dangerous there is now not the slightest risk. The enthusiasts are still playing, but the great majority of our youthful athletes are victims to the fascinations of football. If they cannot play on the public grounds they seek refuge in the few available space and getting "fit" for the long winter season.

This is to be a column for the hundreds of thousands of junior footballers, the young Britons who anticipate so eagerly their weekly game, and who prefer to play themselves rather than to pay to watch others do the kicking. While considerations of space will render it utterly hopeless to attempt to give reports of matches in the *Daily Mirror*, at the same time any incidents and the co-operation of club officials is invited.

Last season we had our full of football politics. The juniors were to decide this, and the juniors were to decide that. But the result of it all was to conclusively demonstrate what many of us had always asserted—that the average player does not care a snap for the politics. If ever the clubs were whipped up it was over the London Football Association and professionalism question, and now, after all these efforts, about 50 per cent. took the trouble to attend the meeting.

The average footballer worries about nothing but his wages. He does not in many instances even trouble about learning the rules.

Leagues Galore.

The most striking feature of the last five or six seasons has been the development of leagues in London, at the present rate of formation, will soon possess 100. And all around the metropolis there are scattered local combinations, which exercise influence upon the football of the district. If some F.A. official could produce a full list of such competitions that have up to date received official sanction the record would certainly be a startling one.

A very strong testimonial to the value of these organisations is the fact that they have existed for over ten years, and there are very few that, having once been started, have collapsed. This is sufficient evidence that the game itself is sound, and that the players have such competitions they would languish and die for lack of support.

The London clubs, as a player is invincible. For some seasons past teams of selected London boys have met provincial sides, notably Edinburgh and Leeds; but the average young metropolitans have won every match they played. The games have been under the auspices of the London Schools F.A., a body containing many well-known players and dozens of unassuming but indefatigable workers.

The association comprises some fifteen or sixteen districts, each with its twenty to forty schools, so that juvenile football is in a much more highly developed condition than might be imagined. All this is bound to have its effect in the future. Though the masters do not aim at the manufacture of embryo professionals, yet some of the youngsters will be good enough to leave school and join the ranks of the great majority of the players in Southern League teams will not come from the Midlands and the north.

DOMINIE.

FOOTBALL IN DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

A match was played here to-day between Mr. C. Wreford Brown's Corinthian team and a team representing the local Amateur Ball Club. The visitors won by 3 goals to 1—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Portsmouth v. Southampton.
Reading v. Tottenham Hotspur.

PRIME MINISTER AT PLAY.

Harry Vardon and James Braid fulfilled an interesting engagement on the Kilsbiddy course, near Gullane, yesterday. In the morning Vardon, giving a half, easily beat the Hon. E. C. Glyn, who was out with a score of 72, got two strokes inside the competition record for the course.

Braid beat the best ball of Lord Elcho, the Hon. Maurice Yorke (a grandson of Lord Wemyss), and Mr. A. M. Ross by 4 and 3.

It was originally intended that the Prime Minister with Braid should play Lord Wemyss and Vardon in the afternoon, but four foursomes were substituted. In the event Mr. Balfour and the Hon. E. C. Glyn, Ben Sayers by 5 and 4, and in the second Lord Wemyss and Vardon beat Lord Elcho and Mr. Charteris by 2 up.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Jesop, suffering from an attack of lumbago, did not play at Hastings yesterday against the South Africans.

With the match now in progress at Hastings the South Africans' tour comes to an end. Sinclair and Kotze sail for London on Saturday. The captain, Lord G. Glyn, and the Hon. E. C. Glyn, and others follow on the 17th and 24th. Halliwell, who has been in the 17th and 24th, will probably remain in England for some time longer. The majority of the members of the team play in a match at East Grinstead on Saturday for Mr. Abe Bailey, who has financed the undertaking.

KING EDWARD'S "CHAPLIN."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Sunday.

An "error" made by a well-known telegraphic agency in London gave the King the impression that a great deal of amusement during the royal visit to Marienbad.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, who had accompanied the King to a shooting party earlier in the week, was mentioned in a telegram to London as the British Chaplain at Marienbad.

His Majesty chaffed Mr. Chaplin very heartily on the mistake, and some of the members of the royal party were heard to call him "Your reverence."

NORTH v. SOUTH.

Keen Play in the Last Match of the Scarborough Festival.

A full and keenly contested day's cricket at Scarborough yesterday was favoured by a continuance of the fine weather which has prevailed almost throughout the present festival.

At the close the North, with four wickets in hand in the second innings, are 325 ahead.

Present score and analysis:—

NORTH.		Second Innings.	
R. H. Boscawen, c. H. Boscawen	16	c Vine b Reif	12
H. W. Boscawen, c. H. Boscawen	16	c Thompson b Boscawen	21
Denton, lbw b Boscawen	27	lbw b Boscawen	61
Widley, c. H. Boscawen	19	c Fielder b Blythe	6
Truicillie, c. H. Boscawen	16	c Reif b Boscawen	16
Gunn, c. Warner b Boscawen	39	c H. Boscawen	3
H. Boscawen, c. Fielder b Blythe	10	not out	84
Rhodes, c. Reif b Thompson	9	not out	43
Haigh, c. H. Boscawen	18		
E. Smith, c. H. Boscawen	16		
Hunter, not out	6		
Extras	14		
Total	241	Extras (for 6 wickets)	260

SOUTH.		First Innings.	
Vine, lbw b Gunn	21	L. Lessen-Gower, not out	4
Humphreys, b H. Boscawen	21	H. C. T. Tunnicliffe, not out	3
C. J. Tunnicliffe, c. H. Boscawen	61	Rhodes	3
B. J. T. Boscawen, c. H. Boscawen	6	Blythe, c. W. Boscawen	6
P. J. Warner, b Gunn	0	Fielder, c. W. Boscawen	7
Gunn, c. H. Boscawen	28	Extras	14
Thompson, c. Hunter b H. Boscawen	84	Total	246

BOWLING ANALYSIS.		NORTH—First Innings.		SOUTH—First Innings.	
Reif	0 m. f. w.	Boscawen	22.2 0 89.5	Cox b K. Boscawen	2 0 23
Blythe	21 8 75.2	Thompson	16 4 50.2	H. Boscawen	12 4 38.0
Thompson	10 1 11.0				

SOUTH—First Innings.		NORTH—First Innings.	
H. Boscawen	22.2 0 89.5	Boscawen	22.2 0 89.5
Rhodes	12 4 38.0	Thompson	16 4 50.2
Haigh	12 4 38.0		

WET FOR HASTINGS FESTIVAL.

Play at Hastings yesterday was limited to fifty-five minutes. Slight rain delayed the resumption of the game until twenty minutes past one, and at a quarter past one the weather turned wet again.

The Colonials materially improved their position yesterday, Llewellyn and White lasting so well that they increased the overnight score of 118 to 204 without being separated.

Present score and analysis:—

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.		First Innings.	
Hearne (A. L.) b. Schwartz	4	M. W. Payne, c. and b. Schwartz	2
W. A. Halliwell, c. Tancred	19	Cox b K. Boscawen	2
Brund, c. Tancred	19	Hearne (J. T.) b. Schwartz	17
Sinclair, c. Tancred	2	R. K. Boscawen	14
B. J. T. Boscawen, c. Tancred	2	H. Boscawen	0
Schwartz	150	E. Boscawen	0
G. L. Jesop, c. Tancred	150	Extras	0
Seymour, b Sinclair	1	Total	237
Trot, b Schwartz	18		

SOUTH AFRICANS.

SOUTH AFRICANS.		First Innings.	
L. J. Tancred, lbw b F. Mitchell	27	F. Mitchell, b. P. Boscawen	27
Brund, not out	3	Llewellyn, not out	81
W. A. Halliwell, c. Tancred	19	Cox b K. Boscawen	2
M. H. Thorne, c. J. T. Boscawen	0	G. White, not out	32
Hearne b Brund	20	Extras	14
J. H. Sinclair	27	Total (6 wickets)	204
Hearne b Brund	20		
R. O. Schwartz, S. Horwood, and E. A. Halliwell to bat.			

SOUTH OF ENGLAND—First Innings.

SOUTH OF ENGLAND—First Innings.		First Innings.	
Sinclair	13 3 68.6	Kotze	8 0 12.0
Schwartz	13 3 68.6	Tancred	1 0 12.0
White	8 2 29.0		

Schwartz bowled one wide.

SURREY DECLARE THEIR INNINGS CLOSED.

Not a ball could be bowled at the Oval yesterday, in consequence of rain, which fell from an early hour in the morning. At first the downfall was only slight, but it became heavier and heavier, and at a quarter to two—an early lunch having been taken—the captains decided to abandon all idea of play for the day. At the close of the time rapidly decided the Surrey innings closed at the overnight total of 383 for six wickets.

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FEROCIOUS "LAST KISS."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.

A carpenter of Arad was deserted by his young wife, whom he had tormented by his jealous fits. She took a situation at Buda Pesth, and was followed by her husband. She refused to return, and he begged for "one last kiss." In a paroxysm of fury he bit off completely the unfortunate girl's nose.

He is now serving a month's imprisonment, while his wife wears an artistic artificial nose.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO.
 LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Wednesday, September
 7, 1904.